



THE LAST MAN OF BEAUFORT.

"Tis the last man of Beaufort,  
Left sitting alone,  
All his valiant companions,  
Had "vamosed" and gone,  
No scotch of his kindred  
To comfort is nigh,  
And his liquor's expended,  
The bottle is dry!

"We'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
Or harshly condemn—  
Since thy friends have all 'mizzled,'  
You can't sleep with them;  
And it's no joking matter  
To sleep with the dead;  
So we'll take you back with us,—  
Jim, lift up his head!"

He muttered some words  
As they bore him away,  
And the breeze thus repeated  
The words he did say:  
"When the liquor's all out,  
And your friends they have flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This Beaufort alone?"

KING DICK.

A TALE OF ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
By C. L. BRIARMEAD.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"Precisely."  
"Yes, and that precisely was this; that the Mayor of Muscatine never saw or heard of that handbill. Is not that your idea?"  
"Somewhat."  
There was no mistake but that King Dick was somewhat puzzled. He could not quite rid his mind of the doubt that this very strange-looking policeman was an agent of Marker's; and as such was to be viewed with distrust. There was no telling whether or not he was under a pump, and it struck him that the best plan was to keep as dry as possible, merely awaiting further developments. The benevolent-speaking gentleman by no means lost his temper, but only turned his attention closer to the work before him.  
"Now there is no reason why you should not tell me what you know of this matter; and, on the contrary, a strong reason why you should. There is a man who lives sometimes in this city, and sometimes in St. Louis, whom I have been trailing some two or three weeks—for that matter, as many months. Some persons would call me a fool for talking about this to you; but I think differently, for perhaps your interests and mine are identical, and I am almost certain that both you and I have something to do with this man."  
"Perhaps we may; but my idea is, that both of us carry on our business for ourselves, and let partnerships alone for those that like them. I don't know much about the man, but what I do know is a—d—d sight too much for my own comfort. I owe him one or two, but I think we can settle it between ourselves, without the assistance of the police department."  
For the first time, speaking at length, Dick answered above, though what he said did not appear altogether satisfactory to his newly-found companion, who replied:—  
"He does not seem to think so, for he has put it pretty freely into requisition. Now, letting that alone, just consider the thing in a sensible light. You don't know really what I do want, and without any more talk I may as well tell you. A certain man, for certain reasons, wishes to have you, for the time, put out of the road. Not wishing to stick a knife in your back, he merely tries to get you sent up the river on a charge of murder. From certain things which have come to my knowledge, I believe him to be with a man whom I wish to find. Mind you—I don't want to arrest him, I only want to know his whereabouts; so that I can make a friendly call, and talk over old times; so I ask you to give me such information, if you have it, as will point out his residence in the city."  
"How do I know that we are both after the same individual, though; and unless you tell me his name, how can I speak out?"  
"It may seem strange, but I am not certain as to what it is."  
"Now you must think I am green to swallow a yarn like that. How long have you been on the police force, that it takes you six months to find out a man's name and boarding house?"  
"Hold on. Don't be quite so fast. I know the name he goes under, but as to his right name, of that I am uncertain. Sometimes he signs himself Christ. Marker, and sometimes Mark C. Is that the name?"  
"You're correct," responded the New Yorker, who began to view the policeman with less suspicion, but still was cautious how he committed himself. "You're correct; that's the name."  
"Now does it not strike you that I may be of some assistance to you? Of course, if he wants you out of the city it is for some reason. Either you are in his road, or he is in your road; and as he takes a round-about way to clear up, I think it's the former. He is a man that it's hard to get around, and you may find it close shaving to get out of the city with a whole skin if he only makes up his mind. A man of the right sort, with plenty of money, can get a good deal of influence in this city—and he has it. I have seen a lot of windings and a good many crooked trails that he has left, only I never could quite catch him at making them. Recollect that I am not on public business here; but that it's entirely a private matter. Where can I find him?"  
"I don't deny but what you're a pretty shrewd man in the matter of guesses, but I can't make out why you haven't been able to get his number; I don't see what you want with him, and I am doubtful why you came to me

for it. Heaven knows I've no good will towards the man; but I want no assistance to put me through with him. 'A clear field and no favor' is my motto."  
"That is not what I want. If the truth be known—I know you; both your present and past history. I know what lies between you and him, only why you have followed him now instead of sooner, I am not able fully to explain."  
"If you know me, then you know my name."  
"Yes, that I do. You travel now as King Dick, or Dick King; but there was a time, four years ago, when you dropped that of —," and the man whispered something in his ear. Whatever it was, it made Dick start back for a moment, but recovering himself he answered:—  
"You know it, but for all that we can't work together. This much I will do. I will give you a direction to the room that he sometimes occupies, though whether you will find him there is a different question."  
Tearing a slip of paper from his memorandum book, on which paper there seemed to be written an address, he handed it over to the policeman.  
"You appear to suspect my good faith, Mr. King, and perhaps in your position you ought to; but for so doing I have no ill will towards you. I want to do you a service if possible, and out of friendly motives I ask you whether you have any secure place of retreat in case there should be a close search after you, and it should be to your interest to keep out of the way?"  
"Not that I know of."  
"Then let me exchange addresses, or rather, in return for the one which you gave me, let me give you another," handing a card, "and believe me, when you're found there, it will be after to-day."  
"All right!" taking the proffered card. "I'd like to stow myself away till night, out of sight of Chris. Marker and his emissaries."  
"And your friend?"  
"Sure enough. Bob must be taken care of—though he has generally a handy knack of taking care of himself. It won't do to go under cover till I see him."  
"Never mind that, I'll engage to see him through, and send him around in an hour or two. But the chances are that some of the force may be patrolling around here, so we had better separate."  
After a few more words of conversation, King Dick kept on down the street, whilst the policeman turned a corner and went off in another direction. As our hero walked along, his cogitations were something after this order:—  
"Well, of all queer stars that ever I did meet, this last one beats all. He's neither flat nor fly. Neither very sharp nor very dumb, only a little cracked. Must have been in some row and got tapped on the cocoanut. He asks a person that's suspected of murder, for a little private conversation, and after talking ten minutes, you can't tell what he's drifting at. He doesn't believe that Bob and I committed murder; he wants to find Marker, and for reasons of his own he wants to do me a favor. Instead of attending to the city business, he attends to his own; and instead of arresting an advertised man, he tells him to cut his lucky, and gives him directions to a flash slum where he can plant himself without fear of the pigs."  
"Is he playing the square game? Mayn't this be a dodge to draw me out of the road? Curse it—I'm not so green, but d—n me if I can tell which would be the greener; to believe him, or not to believe him. What's the difference? I'll just drop in at Tony Hare's, agreeably to directions; and if there's a fuss, let it come. It's been one everlasting fight ever since I left New York, till my muscles have got up so big that I wouldn't be afraid of Tom Hyer himself. Here goes!"  
King Dick quickened his steps, and by dint of much perseverance finally found himself within a few doors of that promised haven, Tony Hare's.  
Although it was morning now, and not very far into the morning either, yet it was almost evening before Frightened Bob arrived.  
Dick looked up from the table on which he was playing a game of solitaire, and gave a slight nod, then went ahead with his playing.  
In response to Bob's inquiry of "how many shuffles?" he responded "one," and then kept on. As three of the Kings were on the bottom, and the fourth, the King of Clubs, lay over a brace of hearts, the chances were that he would go out; and so he did, in something less than five minutes. Then King, after lighting a cigar, began to question his partner as to his whereabouts for the day.  
"I began to think you were done for. Here I've been sitting in this cursed little back parlor for at least seven hours, and not a soul been in except a thick-headed bartender, who brought up my dinner and a deck. He wouldn't, or couldn't, play a few games, and so for an everlasting long time, I've been amusing myself at solitaire. Sit down and take a hand at five-and-forty while you give an account of yourself."  
"There's precious little use of my playing, for you always come out best; but I have no objections, only I never could play and talk at the same time."  
"Never mind, then; go on with your yarn."  
"Well, after I cleared the back, and turned round the corner, I began to think I might just as well have let the operation alone. There wasn't any place for me to strike for; it was daylight, and in the end they'd be sure to run me down if they kept at it long enough. However, I thought I'd let 'em see the virtue of a good pair of legs, so I laid it down harder than the hard-shell Baptist does the gospel, when he has a big time round in Spring street. Up the street and through an ally, along another street, and then I knew there was at least a dozen after me. Every man that saw me, go, struck in, and one red-shirted cuss puffed along a yelling 'Five hundred dollars reward! five hundred dollars reward!'"  
"Thanks I to myself this won't pay, but I didn't know what to do, but keep a running. Red-shirt began to work up pretty close, whilst the rest was sort of gaining ground backwards, for I was running hard. I tell you; so what does I do, but dives into an alley and takes a resting spell. In less than half a minute I heard him a puffing and blowing, so I shook myself together and stood ready. As he turned the corner, still a yelling 'Murder! \$500 reward!' I steps out into his road and puts one in. I bit him once before this morning, for he was the chap that gave you that nasty one, but that wasn't no patching to this; I laid it on the bread-basket, and he keeled over, feeling worse about the inward than a box-constrictor that's swallowed a live elephant, whilst I started on once more, with a dozen and a half after me by this time."  
"All this time I didn't know where I would haul up, for I got into rather a disfavorable quarter of the country. Finally, just as I struck out of an alley and turned down a narrow street, there was six policemen trying to drag a rather debilitated-looking cuss to quod. Not but he had muscle enough, but his garments were peeling off in big patches, and the shirt and pair of pants was more the shadder than the thing itself.  
He must have fought pretty strong, for he looked like

a Rocky Mountain Injun, or a New York Common Councilman, he was so very red in the face; while there was a fair sprinkling of skint eyes and bloody noses in amongst the crowd. Whilst I was a knocking down that red-shirted cove, them behind had got up again, and wasn't more than ten rods behind; so here I was, with them behind, and the other crowd in front. As bad luck would have it, there was a crowd on each sidewalk, and a dray with a load of barrels in the gutter, and filling up the rest of the street was the cops. When they seen me, they each give the feller they was working with, a crack with their locusts, to make him lay still, and then took aim ready to drop me as soon as I came in reach. I seen all this in half a minute, and concluded to take things according; so instead of mixing up with the folks on the sidewalk, or running into the arms of them that was waiting for me, or turning round and going the other way, I just put the steam on, and made a break for the dray. There was one of the police standing in front of it, but I only sung out 'Count one for his heels,' and then rose fair at it. It was a pretty big jump, considering I had run a quarter of a mile, and that there was ten feet long and five feet high to clear. As I went up, I looked down and caught sight of an officer for a moment, away down below me; then I was propelling away again at the same twenty-four rate.  
"That kind of chocked them, you can calculate, and the next thing I knowed I found myself pretty hot with running, and considerably out of breath, a walking alongside of a dock. There was some kind of a scow that looked to be a kind of a cross between a flat-boat and a Dutch ship-of-war, a little ways out in the water, and a queer looking coddger sittin' on the stern with his legs hangin' overboard.  
"Hello!" says he, and I sang out 'Hello!' back again. Then he looks a little sharp at me, an' says, 'You'd better come aboard, for yer friends will be looking for yer,' and not having any objections I went aboard. He looked at me sort o' fanny like, an' I didn't know exactly what to make of it, but it appeared at last that he'd been going along the street, had seen me jumping over that dray, and so naturally took a liking to me—for he was a most everlasting queer cuss. As he'd come straight, and I'd come roundabout, he got to the dock first. So says he, 'wall stranger, kin yer play?' and says I kinder, 'so we went down into the cabin, he got out a bottle of red-eye, and a deck, and we set down to play High, Low, Jack, and a Bold Stand, at ten cents a game.

CHAPTER VIII.  
COMING WITH A RUSH.  
A pretty even match—That draw hand, what does he count?—Draw Poker, four Queens and four Jacks—The fisherman comes aboard, and Bob leaves—A long journey through a dark night—One of Marker's private residences—A crib cracked—Found at last—Florence Mayfield—A few particulars—An alarm—Marker comes on the stage—A leap in the dark, and two blows from the shoulder—Bob rides away in a carriage, whilst Dick is caged in a cellar—Kill him?—Unexpected assistance—The eccentric policeman, and a knife thrust.  
But Bob's story is stringing out to entirely too great length, and lack of space compels us to curtail it somewhat, and reduce its dimensions to more available size, so we omit part of it.  
"About the time we fairly got to playing, I saw a feller come down into the dock, and commence throwing out as though he were going to fish; and when I looked up through the cabin window here, I saw him a fishing yet, though I'll be darned if he had a bite the whole time. Of course I saw the dodge right off, and I winked to the old cuss I was playing with to look out. He kept on a shuffling, at the same time giving a squint in that direction himself. I'll be blasted if there wasn't another fisherman, only this last one was a boy somewhere about fourteen, 'old sledge' sort of katydid; I cut the kards. Now this was the first time I ever played with a man for two hours straight ahead without either making or losing; but you see we were so even matched that when we'd played twenty games we were just where we started from, and he wouldn't change the game or raise the corners."  
"He dealt on then, and I watched him somewhat, for when you're playing a standing game you have to keep your eyes pretty wide open. It was all square, as I thought, so I picked up my hand, and gave a glance at it. There was a straight of diamonds, running from the tray up, and spades was the trump. A funny hand, I thought, so I says, 'call it two apiece and not play it?' The old fellow shook his head, and I led the tray, on which he put the deuce. Then I led the four spot, and he slapped on the deuce of hearts—and when we had played out it turned up that he had a straight of hearts, all except that deuce of diamonds. Of course the next question that came was, how did we stand. There wasn't no high, nor there wasn't no low, jack didn't come up, and the highest card out was the eight of diamonds; so there didn't seem to be any game. As I was getting a little tired, I was ready to cock horns, and at it we went. I contended that I should count out, and he nothing. He didn't believe in any such thing. I took the following grounds:—  
"Did he ever hear of a draw game? He acknowledged he didn't, and that such a thing couldn't be. In case there was no misdeal or gonging, whether the deal didn't stand, after it was played especially, whether having played his hand he could bunch because he had neither ace, face nor trump? He acknowledged that I was correct. Now then, says I, the deal takes after the nature of the game, and some body must have the better of it, and accordingly the rule is, where there's a tie counting for game, the dealer loses. You ain't got any game, and I ain't got any game, consequently we're tied; consequently you as dealer loose, and I count one for game. I ain't sure but what I could claim four points, but as its the beginning of a game, I'll call it one and take the deal.  
"I had some suspicions as to how the hand came, though what he'd put out such a one for I couldn't imagine, and I give a good long shuffle; he cut; I made the pass—and I did it neatly too—and then dealt ahead. I turned up the Jack of Diamonds, and d—n me if the same kind of a hand wasn't out again.  
"Come, stranger," says he, "as we're so good on draws, supposing we take to playing draw poker?"  
"Concerning the particulars of that game of draw poker, them I'll omit; especially considering that at playin' cent ante, in half an hour I was out of pocket ten or twelve dollars. Just about here come the interesting part of the performance. The first fisherman seemed to be getting rather tired sittin' there without catchin' any fish, and a squintin' around at all the ships and scows within sight; for he wasn't anything else than a spy of that—Marker's. The boy that was fishin' began to get into trouble, too. Three or four little cusses came down there, and they got up some kind of a little disturbance. It ended with a young row, and the fisherman got pushed off into the water. He struck off like a goose in to a mill pond, or a black duck into a fight, and old 'Seven Up' went on deck and fished him out with a rope's end. Soon as he tumbled on deck he very kindly

enquired for Bob Sterner, without even putting the Mister before it. After debatin' the question awhile, he was marched down to where I was sittin' lookin' at the four jacks I'd drawn—which had just been knocked higher than a kite by four queens which the other man had drawn.  
"When he got there he said King Dick was waiting there; and gave me a piece of paper so cussedly soaked through that the water had washed off the writing party near. There was one thing purty shure, though, and that was, you weren't copped, and you was a waiting for me. The next thing was to get off without the cove on shore seeing which way I went. There was a boat swingin' around loose, and after a lot of manœuvring I crawled out of one of the stern winders, and "Old Sledge," the boy, and Frigthy Bob, started for the other side of the river, me a getting directions all the time how to navigate after I got ashore.  
"Here I am now, somewhat tired, a little out of breath, and most—hungry, but ready to start off on a round immediately. That's my yarn, and a most—long one it is, and now I want to know how you got here."  
Dick told him.  
They both ate their suppers.  
The night came down on the city—the night, cloudy dark.  
The hour arrived when King Dick considered it time to move, and the policeman, whom he had been momentarily expecting, failed to arrive. With full swing, customers poured into the bar room of the Young Hare, with no prospects of diminution for an hour or so to come, for it was but eleven. Determined to wait no longer, King told his comrade to come on, leading the way out by a back passage.  
Although he had expected to have another companion in this midnight excursion, yet did it seem hazardous to commence looking for Mark Springer. There was no telling where he could be found, without enquiring at the house of John Raikes; and that now was to them anything but a safe locality. Relying, then, on the tried muscle and brain of himself and companion, he walked along the narrow street with a firm, quick step, Bob following him at a distance of a few paces, until they had progressed a couple of squares.  
Closing up, in an under tone the two held converse, occasionally speaking of Marker and Florence Mayfield.  
It was dark; dark as charcoal and tar, a buck nigger's face, or the ten of spades. A settled drizzle, not heavy enough for a rain, and entirely too thick for a mist, came softly down; but its penetrating effects could be by no means measured by its momentum, for less than half an hour King Dick and his companion were wet through and through, whilst Bob with all his stolidity with regard to bodily inconveniences, began to grumble. The light from the street lamps shone but dimly, with a sort of foggy halo encircling them. For a few yards from them one could see things—dimly, to be sure, but yet sufficiently to tell a man from a horse, or a cart from a five story building—but then you stepped into the moist darkness of the falling mist.  
Half a dozen times King stopped, as undecided what course he should take—then, with resolution in his tread, pushed on again. Turnings and twistings without number began to puzzle Bob's brain, till he wondered where on earth King got his knowledge of the streets. But Dick was following a direction which he judged to be correct; and had it only have been light, he would have done it without the least hesitation.  
The streets could not have been more deserted had ninety-nine hundredths of the population been down with the yellow fever. At long intervals a man would loom up under a lamp post, looking like a lone peak of the Rocky Mountains. Occasionally, a nolsy hum would come up from some flash ken, where in sanctuary were gathered the crossmen of the town, putting in the bad whiskey to keep out the good water. Occasionally they heard something like a footstep down some dark street. If they did, it was probably that of some hardy cracksmen or skillful screwman, who was bent on exercising his profession under cover of the weather. As for the police, they had long ago got under roof—their precious healths were not to be risked by making their rounds on such a night as this.  
"May I be d—d—if I wouldn't like to know where I'm a going to!" muttered Bob, as they made something like the tenth turning, and went down an unlighted street, which, from the feel of its pavement, Bob judged to be by no means the most respectable in the city.  
"We're almost there," answered Dick. "Don't be anxious, and keep your mouth closed. It's so—dark that one can't tell what listeners are about. Keep a close mouth, and we'll bring up all right."  
Bob dried up, and after a few more minutes King Dick stopped. Had it been light, one would have seen, standing in a row, three brick buildings, each three stories in height. The rest of the houses on the street were low, ancient, weather-boarded, patched, window broken, and half dismantled; inhabited by all sorts of villainous-looking people, with every few steps a grog shop of the hardest kind.  
Dick was acquainted with the inmates of these houses—by reputation, at least.  
In the upper story of the first dwelt their owner; a penurious old scoundrel, who, by tricky measures, had become possessed of them, and who chose to dwell here, and run the risk of having his throat cut by some enterprising neighbor, rather than live in a more respectable, and consequently more expensive section of the city. Half a dozen families populated the next; and the third was under the exclusive control of Christopher Marker. This was the one sought by our two friends.  
"Here is the place," whispered Dick. I have a strong curiosity to know what Mr. Marker keeps in his second story; and unless the city sinks down to perdition within the next ten minutes, I think I will have my curiosity gratified. Shall we take it in front or behind, Bob?"  
"Might as well go in at the front door, like the rest of the family does. I've had some little experience in that line, and I've always seen that the best cracks were made from the front door. If you say so I'll just throw her open!"  
King nodded; and then the two mounted the steps, and Bob quietly drew from his pocket a few instruments, which looked marvelously like skeleton keys. A little bit of quiet work, and then, with a low snap, a bolt flew back. Dick put his hand on the knob, and tried the fastenings. It swung open to the touch; and the two sprang into the hall.—To be continued.

DURING a recent fire an old lady was anxious to go through a street which at the time was considered dangerous, but all efforts were unavailing. At length she pushed one of the policemen aside, when that worthy preserver of the public peace, said,—  
"Now, marm, you can't pass; if you do you'll be killed, and then you'll blame us afterwards."



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## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**JERRY, Philadelphia.**—We do not know the particulars of Capt. Morgan's abduction, etc., who is said to have written an expose of the following order appended to the work in question, may, however, give you some light on the subject. "Note.—The publisher of this paper states, that as there has been much excitement on the appearance of this book, and various opinions as to the truth of the same, that the author of it was kidnapped and carried away from Batavia, by members of the Fraternity, to Paris unknown, since which time he has not been heard from—and that at the late session of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, held at Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y., on the 1st of January, 1857, Loton Lawson, Nicholas G. Chesebro, Edward Sawyer and John Sheldon, were arraigned for conspiring to do the same—the three first pleaded guilty to the charge, and Sheldon was tried and found guilty. They are now enduring their punishment, which was imprisonment in the common jail of the county for the following terms:—Lawson 2 years, Chesebro 1 year, Sheldon 3 months and Sawyer 1 month. Of the truth of the above we are not informed, but a search of the records of the above named court, of the year above mentioned, will enlighten you.

**A PRO.**—Stow's bill against prize fighting in this State became a law in 1858. It provides that "any person who shall, by previous engagement, take part in any fight without the use of any deadly weapons, and any person who shall challenge, or take a bet on the result thereof, or who shall advance or give any countenance to such fight, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$1000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both." It also provides "that in case the parties leave the State for the purpose of fighting, they shall suffer the same punishment as though the offence was committed in this State."

**GAME CHUCKERS, Ogdensburg, N. Y.**—1. A belt, a far smaller of the Champion belt of England, was formerly presented to Heenan when in England, but was afterwards taken from him, because of the niggardly parsimony of certain scoundrel Englishmen, who declined giving the money to liquidate the claim of the manufacturer. It was recently sold at auction. By the above it will be seen, that though Heenan does not hold a belt, he is fully entitled to the honor. 2. About 180 lbs.

**READER OF THE CLIPPER, Reading, Pa.**—1. Tom Hyer was born in New York in January, 1819, and Yankee Sullivan in Ireland, in 1812. The great battle between them for \$10,000 took place at Rock Point, Md., on February 7, 1849. 2. Heenan gained the first knock-down in his battle with Tom Sayers at Farnborough, Eng., in the third round, sending Sayers nearly through the ropes, by a tremendous blow on the ivory box with his left.

**T. WILSON, Sacramento, Cal.**—The great fire in London to which you refer (there have been several remarkable conflagrations in that city) broke out on the 2d of September, 1666. It consumed one hundred and thirteen thousand houses; eighty-six churches, including St. Paul's Cathedral; it extended through four hundred streets, and embraced in the ruins, four hundred and thirty-six acres.

**JOHNNY RILEY, Boston, Mass.**—Johnny, my boy, we must respectfully decline to publish your rough and tumble fight, because that is a style of fighting that we don't believe in. Talk fight according to the recognized code of the P. R. and let your fight be accompanied by a reasonable deposit as an earnest of your intentions, and we are with you "up to the hub."

**R. H. JACQUIN, C. W.**—1. In case of a "midnight at bluff, pool is doubled, each player putting up an additional stake, the deal going to the next one on the left. This is technically termed a "double reader." 2. There is no rule to govern such a juncture. 3. We have never made use of the article, therefore are unable to speak of its merits or demerits.

**W. BATTIMORE, Johnny Walker.**—He was beaten in both of his fights with Jack Hannon. In the first contest, which took place Nov. 1, 1858, 24 rounds were fought, occupying two hours and fifty-four minutes. The second, in April, 1859, lasted three hours and forty-eight minutes, in which time 39 rounds were fought.

**J. S. AND R. W.**—1. The East river between New York and Brooklyn is from one-third to one-half of a mile in width. 2. The North River, between New York and Jersey City is one mile in width; and between New York and Hoboken about one mile and a half.

**TOM BURN, Hartford, Conn.**—Col. Kerrigan raised a regiment in New York City. He was head quartered for a time, with the old Bowery Theatre. We have not been informed as to the direct nature of the charges preferred against him.

**CAMP KING, Alexandria, Va.**—We have always taken the ground that where a partner assists, the dealer cannot go alone. Some players differ on this point, and it would be well to have the matter settled before our meeting the game.

**AN AFFLICTED NEW YORKER.**—Of the abilities of the gentlemen alluded to we are utterly ignorant. Our advice is, to go to a first class physician and another, as being the best and most economical course to pursue.

**WALTER C. BOSTON.**—Alexander McKay, the Scotch champion, was twice beaten by Simon Byrne. The second fight proved fatal to McKay, as he died on the day after the contest, from the injuries he had received.

**T. J. J. WASHINGTON, D. C.**—The dealer, having but one to go, and having turned up Jack, wins. Jack made in play does not score until after high and low; but when turned up, it scores immediately.

**A. C.**—Burton gave up the Chamber Street Theatre in September, 1860, and took possession of the theatre now known as the Winter Garden. The charge was not a profitable one.

**BILLION, N.Y.**—The prevailing custom in America and France, is to use ten figures to express a billion, thus, 1,000,000,000. In England thirteen figures are used, thus—1,000,000,000,000.

**O. W. BOSTON.**—The fight between Big Ben (Byron) and Johnson, was for 500 guineas. Johnson was defeated in eighteen rounds, occupying twenty-one minutes.

**N. Y. Z. Z. Z.**—Mr. Butler has two music halls in New York City, one in the building formerly known as Wallace's Theatre, the other at 444 Broadway.

**NAVY.**—Susan Deula was the wife of an Ethiopian performer named Hurlington, whose death was announced in this paper a few months since.

**F. A. G. EMIRA, N. Y.**—1. We knew not who has one at present. Should we make the discovery, will let you know. 2. All right. Will do so.

**R. R.**—Trustee and Lady Fulton accomplished the feat of trotting twenty miles inside of one hour; Flora Temple attempted it, but failed.

**CON QUINN, Washington, D. C.**—No letter has arrived in our care for you as yet. Should one come to hand, we will forward it at once.

**O. H. D., Philad.**—Introduce yourself to some Manager either personally or by letter, if you have no friend who is in a position to do the polite for you.

**411 44.**—They are both interested in gambling establishments; they are not engaged in any other business, as far as we have learned.

**ST. LOUIS, Baltimore, Md.**—Thank you, but two late to be of service this week, as we were already posted.

**DELA, Baltimore, Md.**—They are in the British Provinces, but we cannot say exactly where.

**W. B. B. New York.**—Our advertising columns and general summary will give you all the information we have.

**RISING SUN, Philad.**—Matt Rusk, fought and defeated a man named Freeland, not Freeman, the American giant.

**PATRON, Cincinnati.**—Drop a line to the Doctor yourself, as we are not posted in his manner of doing business.

**A CONSTANT READER, Cairo, Ill.**—A Mr. Tase, Goodwin, musician, resides at No. 7 Madison street, N. Y.

**G. W. W. St. Louis, Mo.**—Address Harry Jennings, 22 White street, N. Y.

**B. B., Louisville.**—1. Andrew Jackson was a native of South Carolina. 2. He was twice elected to the Presidency.

**G. G. B. North Stratford, N. H.**—The highest straight won.

**FENNY ASTR.**—"Threes" is a better hand than a straight.

**O. F., Philadelphia.**—See answer to "Penny Ante."

**69th.**—The office was created for him by act of Congress.

**T. S. C., Buffalo.**—See theatrical department.

**H. S., Auburn.**—Not all.

**BARNY.**—Certainly.

**THE BROOKLYN FIRE DEPARTMENT** will elect Assistant Engineers for the ensuing year, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 10. Among the candidates we discover the name of our young friend, Wm. McMillan, of Empire Co. No. 11. The department needs active and energetic men to occupy these responsible positions, and we hope our friends of the trumpet and "der masher" will do the "square thing" by Mr. McMillan, which, in this case, means elect him.

**THE AMERICAN HOUSE STAKES** has been sold by Mr. Ten Brock to go to Prussia, where he will be attached to the stable of M. Reichsacher.

## HEAVY BETTING.

## OUR OCCUPATION GONE.

DELICIOUS morsels that we are, we had laid the "unction to our souls" that from the denunciation indulged in many times and oft, against pugilism and other sports, by the respectable (?) press, we should have been left alone in our glory to pursue the even tenor of our way. Not so, however, for do not the sheets above indicate take every possible precaution to give their readers the earliest and truest news we were about writing, had not our devil made us describe a curley-cue with our pen, and thus prevented us from, as Beecher would plausibly ejaculate, "perpetrating a falsehood?" To resume. Do not they make every effort to give the earliest reports, and fullest details of prize fights whether they have taken place or not, and then belabor with their quills the very men they have but just been bringing into favorable (?) notice, as a dainty morsel for their readers? In fact, they do, to speak plainly, lie and exaggerate most awfully; take the fight between Dorsey and Hollywood last week as an example. They are now, and for some weeks past, have been exposing one another, and interchanging the lie, and charging their readers two cents a copy for such balderdash. Oh, "we could weep our spirit from our eyes," when we contemplate the fall of the fourth estate here exhibited. But we won't, no, we'll "dry up" and do something else with our spirits.

Another departure from the path of rectitude we briefly notice, which is, that in spite of their denunciations of betting, gambling, mock auctioneering, etc., the *Herald* and *Times* have told such "fibs," (that's a moderate term,) to of, and against each other, that at length the editors and proprietors of the latter make mammoth bets that the *Herald* makes statements that are "utterly false"—that means lying according to our vocabulary. Just look here at the "specific wagers," which we quote from the *Times*, in reference to statements it charges the *Herald* with having made.

We offer a wager, (for the benefit of the families of Volunteers, that every single statement which they [certain paragraphs, which it quotes from the *Herald* in reference to its circulation. Ed. CLIP] contains is *utterly false* and known by the *Herald* to be so. We go even further than this—and offer to make the test still more rigid by the following:

SPECIFIC WAGERS.	
\$2,500 that the <i>Herald's</i> daily issue is Nov. 135,000	135,000
\$2,500 that it is not.....	165,000
\$2,500 that it is not.....	160,000
\$2,500 that the <i>Times'</i> average daily issue is over.....	25,000
\$2,500 that it is over.....	30,000
\$2,500 that it is over.....	40,000
\$2,500 that it is over.....	50,000
\$2,500 that it is over.....	75,000
\$2,500 that after deducting the circulation of each in those wards in which the run shops, gambling houses and brothels exceed in number the respectable dwelling houses, the daily circulation of the <i>Times</i> is larger than that of the <i>Herald</i> .	

When this wager shall have been decided, we shall be ready with more. We will wager \$1,000 against the truth of any statement the *Herald* may have made for the last six months concerning its own business—or concerning ours. We will wager \$1,000 that it has never been known to tell the truth in any of its statements to gain by telling a falsehood. And we will wager the same amount, that on any subject in which it has no interest whatever, it can be bribed to tell a falsehood for half the money which will induce it to tell the truth.

The above is bold talk indeed, and a specimen of extensive "specific wagers" the like of which was never heard of before.

**A NEW GAME FOR YOUNG MEN.**—A new game to this country, and one admirably adapted to the improvement of the locomotive powers of youth, is that known in England as "Hare and Hounds." It is played thus. The party may consist of any from six to sixty or more. The locality should be in some rural spot, where hedges, ditches, fences, etc., abound. The one (or two, as the case may be) most fleet of foot, should start from a given point a minute or so in advance, and start out for a good run of some miles, climbing over, creeping under, or jumping over any impediments that he may come in contact with, while the remainder should, at the expiration of the above time, start in pursuit, keeping in precisely the same course until they catch their precursor or hare, as he is termed, when the victory belongs to them, (the hounds). Should the hare, however, elude them, and reach the home goal, or starting place ahead of them, he is supposed to be the victor. When the hare is a good, nimble leaper and runner, the sport is excellent, and the better his pursuers may be, so much more is it enhanced. It puts one in mind somewhat of a steep chase, for perhaps the hare, being the best leaper, comes across a bog or pit which he can clear; the hounds attempt to follow, and many of them fall into the trap. So with a fence or any other obstacle. For a winter sport it cannot be excelled; it is, also, a great improver of the wind and muscle. It is very economical as well, a desideratum about these times, since nothing whatever is necessary except good bellows and underpinning. The older the clothes the better, so long as they are sufficiently warm at the start, for we will answer for it that after a six mile run, an overcoat will be found an uncomfortable encumbrance.

**CURLING.**—Our Scottish friends, and the converts they may have made to this, one of their favorite sports, are about now drawing their "caney stones" from their summer retreat, eyeing them with admiration, "prespecting" on the many fates they will perform therewith, and the victories their "rick" or club are likely to gain. December has set in, and with this month, Jack Frost begins his operations on a more extended scale, and ere it is closed, about Christmas and New Year's day, the curlers will be expected to have good ice, on which to display their skill. Many of the clubs in this country have a number of their members engaged in fighting for the Union, so that we may not expect quite so enthusiastic sport as in "suld lang syne." Nevertheless, with the facilities afforded them at Central Park, and other "water lots" that have been set apart for sports on the ice in this and other cities, the probabilities are, that curling of no insignificant merit will take place, and that our Scottish friends and others will have ample opportunities, of which they will avail themselves, to exercise beneficially on the "frozen surface of the placid lake," which we sincerely hope may be the case. As the rules of curling, mode of playing, etc., are not familiar to many of our readers, we publish them elsewhere for their benefit.

**SEE HERE.**—Our daily contemporaries must have been in great want of a sensation last week; for, in the absence of anything better, they got hold of a little turn-up between a couple of pugs, and magnified it into a tremendous "prize fight." Extras were issued, "evening editions" were increased, and astounding head lines brought into service to add "greater interest" to the "important news." Only to hint how the "respectable dailies" bite at "brutal prize fights" to enable them to instruct and interest their readers. Why, the affair was of no account whatever—a sort of off hand fist encounter between a couple of young 'uns scarcely known even among the sports. Will not General McClellan hurry up a veritable fight in Virginia, so that our daily neighbors may have an opportunity to make a plunge? They have run out of inventors, and must have some bona fide sensations to keep them alive. Give us a fight, Master McClellan, or our neighbors will spoil. Here's the "Extra Herald," great prize fight on Long Island.

**THE WASHINGTON SKATING CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.**—The grounds—as the Club Skating Ponds are technically called—of this Club, are progressing favorably towards the completion of the arrangements. The fence was to be finished last week, and, as the outlet for the water has been closed, the grounds are gradually being flooded, and the full extent of the pond will be known by the latter end of this week, by which time, should the weather be cold enough, the pond will be in skating condition. This will unquestionably be the great centre of attraction for the admirers of this graceful winter sport in Brooklyn, and from the programme laid down by the Club, it is presumed it will become a rival to Central Park. Calcium Lights will be placed in positions that will illuminate the whole pond, and a band is also to be one of the attractive features. Considerable expense will attend these arrangements, but as every cent of the receipts will be expended on the pond, the immense number of members will admit of it all.

**THE LATE EARL OF EGLINTON.**—It is said that the late Earl of Eglington, who died recently in Scotland, was one of the best amateur billiard players in the world.

**BILLIARDS.**—Billiard affairs remain in status quo, so far as any fresh matches are concerned, notwithstanding that considerable talk and excitement has ensued, arising from the challenge of the Boston Billiard Champion—Young Goldthwaite—and the announced intention of Young Deery, to have another "fly" at Tieman, if the latter will consent to a private display. Kavanaugh's general challenge still stands without any one having responded, so that from present indications it would appear that he is considered too many guns on an "even thing." The saloons are doing a "big business" about now, and the amateurs have a good time daily, or nightly, at such places as Conner's, Kavanaugh's, Phelan's, Geary's, Killduff's, Stone's, etc. Lynch law prevails at Phelan's, and the order, quiet, and comfort that is consequently maintained, makes a game with a friend there, just the way to while a pleasant hour away. We regret to hear that the veteran champion, M. Phelan, has been very unwell, and confined to his bed during the past week. We sincerely hope he may soon be on his pins again, to take a hand in at pin pool, or some other hazardous enterprise.

**A SPORTING PAPER IN IRELAND.**—Those of our readers who hail from the Emerald Isle, will be pleased to learn that a sporting journal has been started in Dublin, under the title of the *Irish Sporting Times*, through the medium of which they can the more readily learn of the achievements of their sporting friends in Ireland. That its success may be more than equal to the expectations of its proprietors, is our sincere wish. In answering its correspondents, it says two or three nice little things of us in reference to our Draught column, and in reference to American Draught Players, which we here quote:—

"Martin is champion of England; Spayth is, we believe, champion of America. They never played a match. Although our American friends have wrested the Chess sceptre from us, we are yet able to dispute with them the palm of Draught chieftaincy. The New York *Clipper* is the American Draught organ. We hope the editor will exchange papers with us, and let our subscribers know where to get his paper in Dublin. (Of course we will exchange, and cordially reciprocate the friendly grip offered—Ed. CLIP.) Get the *Beginner's Sure Guide*, by J. D. Sweet; it's the best and cheapest book of the kind we ever saw; price 2s. 6d."

In referring to the wicked hoax in reference to the fight purporting to have occurred between Sayers and Mace in a tavern, which originated with a would be sporting paper of New York, it states that "there is not a particle of truth in the paragraph." Lying, like murder, will out.

**SLICING.**—The season for this fascinating style of locomotion is all but upon us, and we shall soon hear the merry jingling of the bells, the cheerful ejaculations of hill bill by the driver, and the sharp and startling crack of the long-thorped whip. We hope, for the benefit of all, but more particularly for the "girls" who so dearly love to sit huggingly and lovingly beneath a warm buffalo robe, with a "feller" what they love, behind a 2-40 nag, that the season may be favorable therefor. In this connection we have a protest to enter, which is, that the wholesale pickling of our chief thoroughfare—Broadway—with salt, during the winter, may be put a stop to, as well for the comfort and health of pedestrians, as for the amusement of "sleighriders." The sport is being indulged in already in Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, where the snow is about eight inches deep, and frozen sufficiently hard for sleighs to glide smoothly over the surface.

**A PLUCKY CHALLENGER.**—Young Johnny Lazarus boldly asserts his willingness to fight any man in the country, at 115 lbs. weight, for \$500, \$500, or \$1000 a side. A deposit left at the *Clipper* office, Johnny says, shall be duly covered, and he will be ready to enter into the "little arrangement" at once. Come, boys, we have had nothing of first rate importance on the tapis, in ring matters, for some time heretofore; so now is the time to do something to bring the institution again into public notice, ere its prestige gets still further on the wane. Johnny's pluck has been tried, his skill is undoubted, so that he is worthy the steel of any gallant knight of the P. R., of the weight of 115 lbs. Who speaks first?

**BUT AS FOR FARO.**—Our neighbors in the rebel State of Virginia have labored under the impression that they were opposed to all sorts of gambling, but the war has given another coloring to the matter. Wash. Wortham and Charley Reed, were some time since indicted by the grand jury of the Circuit Court of Norfolk, Va., for exhibiting a faro bank and roulette table in that city. On the 28th ult., they were tried, and acquitted by the jury; showing that the Virginians are not so fastidious after all. Wonder if they made the gamblers take the oath of allegiance before acquitting them. That's the only kind of punishment inflicted in the North now-a-days.

**A PUGILIST PATRIOT.**—Con Quinn, of pugilistic renown, adds one more to the number of pugilistic patriots that "with knapsack on their shoulder" have marched to the sound of the drum, in defence of the honor of their country's flag. He has been for five months connected with the First Regiment of Long Island Volunteers, in company K, which is now encamped near Washington, D. C. The cold weather makes them enjoy the training rather than otherwise, and Con says as there is no sign of their going into winter quarters, a big fight of rather larger dimensions than in a twenty-four feet ring, may soon be looked for.

**SKATING.**—For a day or two last week there was some skating in the ponds in the vicinity of this and other cities, and quite a number of those fond of the sport turned out to enjoy the first opportunity offered this season. By Christmas we may look for some fine skating on the Central Park Skating Pond, when a grand assemblage of the faithful will take place to do honor to the occasion. Last season the Park was enlivened by the presence of a large number of ladies, who took part in the skating, and we anticipate a large increase to the number the present winter.

**JURILATE.**—New York city proved her devotion to the Union by defeating Fernando Wood in the Mayoralty election on the 3d inst. All honor to the Empire City for the noble stand she took in that contest. We cared not whether Opdyke or Gunther was elected, so that Wood should be defeated. Sympathy with rebels has had its day in New York, but it is over now. The sober second thought of the people has returned, and with it the crushing out of all political rebellious intrigues. So let it be, world without end.

**THE GLORY AND SHAME OF SOUTH CAROLINA.**—The fast decaying State of South Carolina is glorifying those "patriotic planters" who are burning their cotton to prevent it falling into the hands of the Union army. And their cotton, to the shame of South Carolina be it said, is the security offered for the payment of Confederate Bonds. Thus they go. Once the downward step is taken, the road to ruin is short and easy. Alas! the "patriotic planters." Alas! the "patriotic bond holders."

**A CALL FOR CANNIES.**—By an advertisement elsewhere, it will be seen that an invitation is issued by Jas. Bailey, Jr., Secretary of the Metropolitan Canine Society, for dog fanciers to correspond with him in reference to holding a dog fair. A good dog show would take with the people, if pains is taken to secure the finest specimens of the various breeds, which appears to be the intention of the Society.

**NATIONAL BASE BALL ASSOCIATION.**—The annual meeting of this Association occurs on Wednesday the 11th inst., at 7½ P. M., in the lecture room of the Mercantile Library building, at the junction of Astor Place and Eighth street, N. Y. Matters of moment to the base ball fraternity will be discussed and acted upon.

**BIG RUN AT BAGATILLE.**—A big run at bagatille was made at the Bowery Saloon one evening last week, by James Williams, one of the proprietors. Being challenged to play a game of five hundred points for the "groceries," he took a hand in, and before relinquishing his cue, scored 1401 points. A big run, sure enough.

**NOTICE OF REMOVAL.**—J. H. Farrell, Bookseller, 15 Ann street, formerly of 14 and 16 Ann street, takes this method of informing his customers and the public that he has removed to No. 15 Ann street, where from his increased facilities and conveniences, he will be able to give further satisfaction to his patrons. All orders to be addressed to the new location.

**WOOD UP.**—The Mayor elected out will receive calls on New Year's day at his private residence, instead of at the City Hall, as heretofore.

**THE GREAT CHESS MATCH,** between Messrs. Paulsen and Kolisch has, to our great surprise, ended in a draw, notwithstanding the immense advantage the former obtained at its commencement. The "draw" was proposed by Kolisch and accepted by Paulsen, although the latter has still the advantage of one game. We append the remarks of the *Express* on the affair:—

"This match has at length been brought to a conclusion, both parties consenting to a draw. This was first proposed by Mr. Kolisch on Thursday, the 14th, in the event of the next three games being drawn. On Monday, when the play was resumed, the game was a drawn one, and Mr. Kolisch proposed that the match should be terminated at once. This was consented to by Mr. Paulsen, so that the result stands thus:—Mr. Paulsen, 7; Mr. Kolisch, 6; drawn, 18. And thus has terminated one of the most prolonged and determined Chess contests on record. Generally, however, the conclusion of the affair is considered to be most unsatisfactory. The first part of the match was conducted with great spirit on both sides, but towards the end there was a larger and monotonous in the openings that tended greatly to weary and disappoint the spectators. In justice to Mr. Paulsen, we may state that he invariably accepted the challenge to play open games. Mr. Kolisch, on the other hand, when second player, as invariably avoided the open game."

**THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.**—The month (January, 1862,) is fast approaching when this event in connection with the British P. R., between Jim Mace and Young Kieg, is to be decided. As usual, a vast deal of interest is manifested in it, but not so much so as in former battles for the same object. In America it attracts very little attention, as events fraught with more importance are daily occurring here, which throw the championship of England affair far into the shade. In addition to the reason named, Americans look upon the forthcoming fight as being an altogether insignificant affair compared with the battle between Heenan and Sayers. Mace appears to be the favorite in speculation, and, as will be seen elsewhere, he offers to back himself at three to one. Mace evidently believes that he has a sure thing.

**TEN BROECK WINS AGAIN.**—By our latest foreign exchanges, we observe that this shrewd turf tactician has won another match race, a sort of turf sport that he is most fond of apparently, and quite as adept in, as we observe that he almost invariably wins. The race occurred on the 21st ult., at the Shrewsbury Autumn Races. As it is of some interest, we append a brief summary:—

A MATCH of 100 sovs. b. fly; straight run in. Mr. Ten Brock's Cliftoniere, by Wild Dayrel 3 yrs, 8st. Mr. Brock's Miss Parnell 2 yrs, 8st. G. Fordham 1. Mr. Brock's Miss Parnell 2 yrs, 8st. Custance 2. Betting—11 to 10 on Cliftoniere. The pair ran in company throughout, and a smashing race ended in favor of Cliftoniere by a head.

**A RAILROAD FEAT.**—A Michigan regiment, a few days since, traveled a distance of 750 miles by rail without a change of cars. This unusual railroad feat, took place over the following routes:—The Detroit and Milwaukee, from Grand Rapids to Detroit; thence to Adrian, by the Detroit and Toledo; thence to Chicago, by the Michigan Southern; thence to Mattoon, by the Illinois Central; thence to Alton, by the Terre Haute and Alton Road. That regiment will not go into camp without some knowledge of the vastness of our institutions.

**THE AMERICAN LIGHT WEIGHT IN ENGLAND.**—Charley Lynch enters the P. R. again this month, his opponent being Young Holden. They fight for \$125 a side, at 112 lbs weight, near London. What his chances are for success, we are not informed, but as he has fought several good battles, it is to be presumed that they are good. We hope so, at all events.

**SHOW BILL PRINTING.**—We take pleasure in calling the attention of theatrical and circus agents, and others, to the advertisement of Messrs. Clarry and Relfly, in our theatrical advertisement column. Considering the facilities of the "Bacon Printing and Engraving Establishment," as therein represented, we infer that the gentlemen above named are just the individuals to entrust orders for show bills, etc., with.

## THE RING.

**FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.**—Copies sent from the *Clipper* office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 45-11

**LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS,** price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 45-11

**WM. CLARKE'S SALOON,** 189 Laurens street, New York. This establishment may truly be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, by all means. 32-11

**GIVING UP THE STAKES.**—A snug little party met at Bill Clarke's, No. 189 Laurens street, on the evening of the 4th inst., when the ceremony of giving up the stakes to the winner of the late fight between Young Dorsey and Young Hollywood took place. A liberal subscription was made for the losing man.

**AN OFF HAND HIT** is said to have taken place near Hoboken, N. J., on the 8th inst., for a "fiver" a side, between two soves, Jim Smith and Young Franks. As it arose from an old grudge, their ill will vented itself through their digital appendages; and the fighting is said to have been fast and furious, lasting for four rounds, occupying 43 minutes.

**JOHNNY ROCHE CHALLENGED.**—Jimmy Elliott will be glad to make a match to fight J. Roche for \$200 a side, at catch weight. Jimmy hopes Mr. Roche will accommodate him, as he thinks that amount quite a modest one, these times, to try whether a man means fighting or bouncing. Jimmy and his backers will be happy to meet Roche at W. Clarke's, 189 Laurens street, on Thursday evening, 12th inst., between 8 and 10 o'clock, and make things agreeable, as he means business, and nothing else.

**BENEFIT OF A BANTAM.**—A sparring exhibition, for the benefit of Young Dick Hollywood, the game though defeated opponent of Young Dorsey, in the battle between them on the 3d inst., on Long Island, is to take place at Kerrigan's Hall, 22 White street, on Thursday evening, 12th inst., when he and Dorsey will fight their battle over again with the "mils." The most scientific of the Young Bloods will be on hand to assist. Tickets, 25 cents.

**SPARRING EXHIBITION.**—At Kerrigan's Hall, in White street, on the 5th inst., the friends of Charley O'Hara and the pug in general, Father Tovee acting as M. C. assembled to give him a benefit. The affair was not very well attended, although there was so lack in sparring. The first bout was between Young Kerrigan and Young Nolan, which was followed by an exchange of glove compliments between Johnny Monahan and Hugh McLean. Both sets were creditable. Bill Buss and Young Hanley made a 5-st-rate set. Young Binker and M. Moore astonished the folks by their dashing style. Notwithstanding Moore was too much for Binker, the latter never blinked, but, like Oliver Twist, entreated more, and stuck to his opponent like a leech. A give and take, ding-dong set to next came between John Lyons and Ed. Burns' service. There were several other sets to, but of minor importance. The wind-up of the evening's sport was between the benedictine and a man named Kelly. The novelty of this set was, that the sparrers were both one-armed men, and the attempts at warding off sock-dogers and nose twisters, and the sending in of damaging arguments, kept the audience in a continual state of laughter.

## BALL PLAY.



the Atlantic, Eckford, Enterprise, and Exercise clubs, and of the Constellation and Resolute junior clubs.

## SENIOR CLUBS.

Matches.	Average	Hands	Lost.	Average	Runs.
1. Power.....10	2.7	3.7			
2. Smith.....9	2.4	3.3			
3. F. Belmont.....7	2.4	3.1			

## ECKFORD.

1. Campbell.....6	2.1	4.1			
2. Macoll.....9	2.3	3.3			
3. Josh Snyder.....10	2.4	3.2			

## ENTERPRISE.

1. Start.....7	1.5	4.1			
2. Murtha.....10	2.3	3.3			
3. Crane.....10	2.4	3.0			

## EXERCISE.

1. Smeason.....9	2.1	2.8			
2. Galvin.....8	2.4	2.1			
3. Hough.....8	2.3	2.9			

## JUNIOR CLUBS.

Matches.	Average	Hands	Lost.	Average	Runs.
1. Thomas.....11	2.2	3.7			
2. N. Smith.....11	2.4	3.7			
3. Moore.....9	2.4	3.7			

## CONSILLIATION.

1. Cowperthwaite.....7	2.2	3.1			
2. Crensh.....8	1.7	2.7			
3. M. Rogers.....11	2.4	2.6			

## RESOLUTE.

1. Start.....7	1.5	4.1			
2. Murtha.....10	2.3	3.3			
3. Crane.....10	2.4	3.0			

## BEST THREE AVERAGES.

Start, Enterprise.....2.1	4.1				
Campbell, Eckford.....2.1	4.1				
Pearce, Atlantic.....2.7	3.7				

MOHAWK, OF BROOKLYN, VS. JUNIATA, OF HOBOKEN.—These junior clubs played together on the Star grounds on Thanksgiving day, and the result was a signal victory for the Mohawks by a score of 39 to 13. The Juniata played eight men only, and were short of one or two of their best players, and the Mohawks were miss the services of their regular catcher. On the part of the Juniata good play was to be observed by Van Antwerp and Crocheron. Houghton put out no less than seven players at first base, and Burrell marked his play with a fine fly catch. On the Mohawk side Bayard's play as pitcher was worthy of high praise. He is exceedingly graceful and easy in his movements, and pitched admirably. Thompson, too, discharged the duties of catcher in a very effective manner. Fountain played at first base in tip-top style. In batting, Godfrey, of the Mohawks, made the best score of the match; Bayard also batted several fine ground balls, and he, Miles, Fountain, and Thompson, obtained good scores. On the Juniata side, Crocheron led the score, Mansell being second best. Mr. Bennett acted as Umpire, and while he occupied the position he discharged the duties of it very creditably. We give the score:

## BATTING.

MOHAWK.	H.	R.	E.	JUNIATA.	H.	R.	E.
Bayard, p.....2	6	1	0	Van Antwerp, c.....3	2	0	0
Thompson, c.....2	5	1	0	Burrell, f.....3	2	0	0
Delisier, f.....2	5	2	0	Rowe, s.....3	2	0	0
Durbrow, 3d b.....5	3	0	0	Crocheron, 2d b.....1	4	0	0
Miles, s.....2	6	1	0	Mansell, c.....2	0	0	0
Godfrey, f.....0	7	1	0	Houghton, 1st b.....4	1	0	0
Bogart, 2d b.....3	4	0	0	Brady, p.....0	0	0	0
Clark, f.....0	0	0	0	Bennett, 3d b.....5	0	0	0
Fountain, 1st b.....1	5	0	0				
Total.....59				Total.....13			

## RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mohawk.....6	3	6	0	10	5	1	1	1-39
Juniata.....3	0	1	2	2	3	0	2	0-13

## FIELDING.

MOHAWK.	Fly B'd	Base	Total	JUNIATA.	Fly B'd	Base	Total
Bayard.....1	1	3	4	Van Antwerp.....0	1	0	1
Thompson.....0	0	1	1	Burrell.....1	0	0	0
Delisier.....0	0	1	1	Rowe.....0	0	0	0
Durbrow.....0	0	1	1	Crocheron.....1	4	1	5
Miles.....0	0	2	2	Mansell.....0	2	0	2
Godfrey.....0	0	0	0	Houghton.....0	1	7	8
Bogart.....0	1	2	3	Brady.....0	0	0	0
Clark.....0	0	0	0	Bennett.....0	0	0	0
Fountain.....1	0	0	1				
Total.....3	6	12	21	Total.....3	11	9	23

## HOW PUT OUT.

MOHAWK.	Fly B'd	Base	Total	JUNIATA.	Fly B'd	Base	Total
Bayard.....0	0	0	0	Van Antwerp.....0	1	0	1
Thompson.....0	1	0	1	Burrell.....1	0	1	1
Delisier.....0	0	0	0	Rowe.....0	0	1	1
Durbrow.....0	1	2	3	Crocheron.....0	0	0	0
Miles.....0	0	0	0	Mansell.....0	0	0	0
Godfrey.....0	0	0	0	Houghton.....0	0	2	2
Bogart.....0	0	0	0	Brady.....0	0	2	2
Clark.....0	0	4	4	Bennett.....0	2	0	2
Fountain.....0	0	0	0				
Total.....0	3	8	11	Total.....2	6	3	9

Passed balls on which bases were run—Van Antwerp, 6; Crocheron, 4; Thompson, 8.  
Struck out—Delisier, 1; Bogart, 2; Clark, 1; Burrell, 2; Crocheron, 4; Bennett, 3.  
Put out at home base—Mansell, by Thompson; Van Antwerp, by Bayard.

Catches missed on the fly—Crocheron, 5; Mansell, 1; Houghton, 1; Brady, 1; Rowe, 1; Delisier, 1.  
Catches missed on the bound—Thompson, 2; Van Antwerp, 3; Crocheron, 1; Godfrey, 1.  
Time of game—three hours and thirty minutes.  
Umpire—Mr. Bennett, of the Eagle club.  
Scorers—for the Mohawk club, Mr. Wyckoff; for the Juniata club, Casebeer.

THE STAR CLUB.—The members of this prominent Brooklyn club, taking advantage of the fine afternoon on Saturday, Nov. 30th, played a match between their first and second nines, which, from the play shown on the occasion, we deem worthy of record. At the time appointed only six of the players on each side were on hand, but shortly afterwards the whole of the second nine were present and took part in the game. At the close of the third inning the six first nine players had scored 17 runs to 7 on the part of the second nine, and after that the first party resorted to pitching so "loose," placing their four fielders especially to catch the ball. The result was that they put out their opponents in the last six innings without scoring a run, 15 of the outs being from fly catches. Of these, Mitchell made four, and Galpin, Waddell and Weeks, three each; Galpin also putting out three on the bound and three on bases. Of the fielding of the second nine, Hunter put out eight players, Henry seven, and Skates five, four of which were good ground catches. In batting, Galpin and Weeks scored the most runs on the first nine side, and Waitney on that of the second nine. Galpin and Waitney were the winners of the prize club pins that were the trophies of the game. The decisions of the umpire contributed greatly to the pleasure of the contest, which was quite interesting. We give the score in full—

## BATTING.

FIRST NINE.	H.	R.	E.	SECOND NINE.	H.	R.	E.
Mitchell, 3d b.....4	4	1	0	Skates, p.....4	1	0	0
Galpin, p.....3	5	1	0	Humbly, 2d b.....3	1	0	0
Waddell, 1st b.....7	1	0	0	Henry, c.....3	1	0	0
Kelly, 2d b.....5	3	1	0	Hunter, f.....3	1	0	0
Weeks, c.....4	5	1	0	Whitney, s.....2	2	0	0
Boyd, f.....4	4	1	0	Barnett, 1st b.....3	1	0	0
				MacKenzie, r.....4	0	0	0
				Gignoux, c.....1	0	0	0
				Bradish, 3d b.....4	0	0	0
Total.....22				Total.....7			

## RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
First Nine.....1	6	10	1	0	1	2	1	0-22
Second Nine.....5	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0-7

## FIELDING.

FIRST NINE.	Fly B'd	Base	Total	SECOND NINE.	Fly B'd	Base	Total
Mitchell.....4	0	1	5	Skates.....4	1	0	5
Galpin.....3	3	3	9	Humbly.....1	0	1	1
Waddell.....3	0	1	4	Henry.....2	1	0	3
Kelly.....1	1	0	2	Hunter.....2	0	6	8
Weeks.....3	1	0	4	Whitney.....1	0	0	1
Boyd.....2	1	0	3	Barnett.....1	0	1	2
				MacKenzie.....1	0	0	1
				Gignoux.....0	0	0	0
				Bradish.....0	2	0	2
Total.....16	6	5	27	Total.....10	8	9	27

## HOW PUT OUT.

FIRST NINE.	Fly B'd	Base	Total	SECOND NINE.	Fly B'd	Base	Total
Mitchell.....1	2	0	3	Skates.....1	1	1	2
Galpin.....3	0	0	3	Mumby.....3	0	0	3
Waddell.....3	0	0	3	Henry.....2	1	0	3
Kelly.....0	1	0	1	Hunter.....1	2	0	3
Weeks.....1	1	0	2	Whitney.....0	1	0	1
Boyd.....1	1	0	2	Barnett.....3	0	0	3
				MacKenzie.....3	0	0	3
				Gignoux.....1	0	0	1
				Bradish.....1	2	0	3
Total.....9	7	0	16	Total.....15	6	3	24

Passed balls on which bases were run—Weeks, 1; Henry, 10.  
Struck out—Skates, 1; Galpin, 1.  
Put out at home base—Boyd, by Henry, 1; MacKenzie by Galpin, 1.  
Run out between bases—Boyd, by Hunter and Gignoux.  
Times left on third base—Henry, 1; Boyd, 1.  
Time of game—two hours and thirty minutes.

BASE BALL MATCH AT POTTERVILLE.—NINE CRICKETERS VS. NINE BASE BALL PLAYERS.—A very interesting base ball match came off on the 27th ult., between nine members of the Poughkeepsie Cricket club and the first nine of Eastman's Commercial Cricket Club. The ball club, in which some very fine play was exhibited on both

sides. Mr. Eastman, to make the affair of more interest, told his men that if they defeated the cricketers, he would give them an oyster supper. So at it they went, each man determined to do his duty. Of the Base Ball nine the play of G. Stillman, as catcher, V. C. Stillman, as second base, J. Hall, as pitcher, and A. B. Hall, at first base, was very good. Of the cricket nine, the play of H. L. at first base, was very fine. Among the second, Bull, at third base, and Haight, as catcher, was of the first water. Verrall, Buel and Moore, made three splendid fly catches; Cary's fielding at short stop, was also such as to merit praise; the outer field was well attended to by Messrs. Verrall, Allen and W. K. Smith. The pitching and batting of Moore of the New York Cricket club, who had never played base ball previous to this match, was very good, he also made one bound catch in fine style. The Poughkeepsie Cricket club is composed of young men, most of whom are under age, sons of respectable citizens resident there, who intend to play both cricket and base ball next season. The following is the score:

## CRICKET CLUB.

NAMES.	H.	R.	E.	BASE BALL CLUB.	H.	R.	E.
Verrall, f.....3	8	1	0	Stillman, c.....2	3	0	0
Moore, p.....1	9	1	0	J. Hall, p.....3	5	0	0
H. L. Bull, 1st b.....3	7	1	0	A. B. Hall, 1st b.....2	5	0	0
Awag, 2d b.....2	2	0	0	Stillman, 2d b.....2	2	0	0
Buel, 3d b.....4	7	1	0	Clegg, 3d b.....3	2	0	0
Cary, s.....3	6	1	0	Dyer, f.....3	1	0	0
Haight, c.....1	7	1	0	Eastman, f.....3	1	0	0
Wilkinson, c.....3	6	1	0	Smith, f.....4	1	0	0
Allen, r.....4	6	1	0	Bill, s.....4	2	0	0
Total.....63				Total.....22			

Eastman's club.....6 5 2 0 0 1 3 5 -22  
Cricket club.....5 21 10 1 4 4 11 10 -63  
Umpire—W. K. Scanton, of the Poughkeepsie club.  
Scorers—For Eastman, Mr. Williams; for Cricket, W. Richmond.

BROOKLYN HIGH SCHOOL VS. GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—An interesting game of base ball was played between nine players from the Brooklyn High School, and nine from the College Grammar School, on Wednesday, Dec. 4th, which ended in the victory of the former. On account of the lateness of the time at which the game was called, only five innings were played. We should especially notice the catching of L. Hill behind the bat, and of G. Parsons on third base, the pitching of Smith, also the batting and catching of Belden, on the side of the High School, the pitching of Walker, and the catching of Freeman and Clark, on the part of the College Grammar School. The score stood—

## BROOKLYN H. S.

NAMES.	H.	R.	E.	COLLEGE G. S.	H.	R.	E.
Smith, p.....2	2	0	0	Kingsland, c.....5	1	0	0
P. Hill, c.....2	2	0	0	Millet, p.....2	1	0	0
Henderson, 2d b.....2	2	0	0	Walker, 1st b.....2	1	0	0
Silver, f.....1	2	0	0	Lacy, 2d b.....0	2	0	0
Dennington, f.....2	2	0	0	Freeland, 3d b.....2	0	0	0
Belden, s.....0	4	0	0	Clark, s.....2	1	0	0
Strymser, 1st b.....1	3	0	0	Goff, c.....1	1	0	0
Parsons, 3d b.....3	1	0	0	J. Adams, r.....1	0	0	0
L. Hill, c.....1	3	0	0	W. Adams, f.....0	0	0	0
Total.....21				Total.....8			

Runs made in each inning.  
Brooklyn H. S.....14 24 34 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th  
College G. S.....1 2 3 0 1 0 0 0 0-21  
Scorers—for Brooklyn High School, J. Brown; for College Grammar School, H. C. Brown.  
Umpire—D. F. Potsdam.

## SPORTS ABROAD.

## THE RING.

## FIGHTS TO COME.

Nov. 25.—Pash Price and Pemberton's Novice—£20 a side, Birmingham.  
Dec. 10.—Box Tyler and Bob Travers—Catch weight, £100 a side, London.  
10.—Morris Phelps and Harry Allen—£25 a side, at 9st 3lb, Birmingham.  
11.—Jeremiah Deane and James Ball—£5 a side, at catch weight, Home circuit.  
11.—Joe Gos and Brettie's Novice—£100 a side, at catch weight, Home circuit.  
17.—Mickey Gannon and Jesse Hatton—£25 a side, open for £50 a side, at catch weight, Home circuit.  
23.—Young Holden and Charley Lynch—£25 a side, at 8st, Home circuit.  
26.—The Brick Lad and Malkin, of Sheffield—£15 a side, at 8st 4lb, Sheffield.  
31.—Bob Brettie and Jack Rooke—£200 a side, London.  
31.—G. Harding and L. Dimmock—£20 a side, at 2st 10lb, Birmingham.

JAN. 21.—Cook and Fellows—£10 a side, at 8st 10lb, Birmingham.  
Feb. 1.—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.  
Feb. 1.—Nobby Hall, of Birmingham, and C. Wilkinson, of the Potteries—£50 a side, at 9st 4lb, M. Midland Counties.  
APRIL 1.—Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan—£200 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.

## THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING—£400 and the CHAMPION'S BELT.—The deposit due on Nov. 22, was staked according to the articles, and another, of £15 a side, was to be made to the final stakeholder on Friday, Dec. 6.

BOB BRETTIE AND JACK ROOKE, £200 A SIDE, at 10st 2lb.—Another deposit of £12 a side for this interesting match was staked, and the next of the same amount was to be made on Friday, Nov. 29.

JOE NOLAN AND JEM GOLLIGHER, FOR £250, AT CATCH WEIGHT.—Joe Nolan and Jem Golligher have drawn up articles to fight, at catch weight, on January 14, 1892, Nolan staking £150 to £100—£25 is now down, and the next deposit of £15 to £10 a side was to be staked on Wednesday, Nov. 27.

LEES AND GARDNER.—The Birmingham men met on Monday, Nov. 18, at California, near Birmingham, for £5 a side. Gardner weighed about 8st, Lees but 7st 4 lb. The men crossed hands and commenced their work in good earnest on pretty equal terms up to the fourth round, when Lees planned his right heavily on Gardner's left ear, drawing the ear therefrom (first blood for Lees), and following it up in the 6th round by getting the knock down blow. There was then pretty equal fighting up to the 53rd round, when Lees caught Gardner a severe upper cut in the 53rd round, following it up with a stinger on the left leg, and from this round Gardner appeared to have all the fight taken out of him, for although he came up gamely, it was only to receive the lion's share of punishment. At last Gardner's friends, seeing he had no chance, in the 57th round, at the expiration of 15 rounds, threw up the sponge.

ON FLY MACE AND COBLEY MET IN THE VICINITY OF THE METROPOLIS, ON SATURDAY, NOV. 27, FOR £5 A SIDE. J. Cobley was seconded by Jimmy Norton and a friend, and Baldock by Jerry M. Carthy and Fanny Lockwood, of Stratford. Baldock was very fat, Cobley being in much finer condition. They fought seven rounds in twenty minutes, during which Baldock in every round but the third, was knocking Cobley down. In the third, Cobley got in a tremendous "hot" on the ribs, through Baldock slipping. At the conclusion of the seventh round, the seconds of Cobley, finding he had no chance, wisely threw up the sponge.

## MACE AND BRETTIE'S BENEFIT.—Jem Mace and Bob Brettie took a benefit at the Midland Counties' Concert Hall, Birmingham, on Thursday, Nov. 21. The boxes were not full, but chiefly tenanted by Corinthians; the upper gallery was well patronized, and the programme was all the better for it. They got a bumper.

The factious J. Inderman officiated as M. C. Sidney Jones and the Shoebornes were the first to introduce the affair, they had four very good meetings. Bowley Taylor and Blount, of Handsworth, excited their hands. Old Bowley put in some of his old fashioned hits; they had three good meetings. Peter Morris and Tommy Cookey next exhibited the noble art; they had five bouts, and through out were received with an ovation. Young Cook and Binger Rose, Crutchley's Novice, next appeared on the stage; they were a glove fight for four meetings, when it ended in favor of Young Cook.

Patsy Beardon and Bodger Crutchley then took the scratch; they showed the many art for four rounds, when they retired amidst applause. Jem Mace's Black, the Wolf, and Bob Brettie's Novice next applied their gloved digits, and had four meetings, which terminated in favor of Bob's man; they were loudly cheered. Young M. Noll and Fisher next showed; they had four good meetings, which terminated in favor of Fisher. After a few remarks, Bob Brettie and Jem Mace put on the gloves. They were loudly cheered on exhibiting their bells, bows, and cups, amounting to fifteen in number. They sparred for three rounds, when each man returned his sincere thanks for the patronage bestowed on him, and Mace and Brettie expressed themselves as confident of winning in their forthcoming battles.

OPENING OF THE EAST-END SPARRING SALOON.—On Monday night, Nov. 18, Mr. W. Richardson opened his spacious saloon at the Blue Anchor, Church street, Shorewich, to a numerous company kept the saloon alive until a very early hour.

G. WOOD'S SPARRING BENEFIT took place at the saloon as above, on the next evening—Tuesday—which was deeply crowded by patrons of the P. R. from the West as well as from the East. The sparring was of a very good stamp, many of the bouts being much above the average. The last pair that were introduced by the M. C. were the W. Wood, of Farnham, and the veteran Newland







gized, both as possessing sterling poetic merit and a high order of dramatic effect.

Mrs. Connor adds to her histrionic character, a literary reputation, which she has cultivated in some degree, as a dramatist. As Miss Charlotte Barnes, she had the advantage of an excellent education, and the intercourse with her mother, one of the most delightful tragic actresses and accomplished ladies of the day. It is not surprising, therefore, that the daughter combines the excellencies derived from her parentage, and youthful advantages.

Next week—Charles Dillon, and C. W. Coulstock.

## THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER FIFTY-SIX.

Bill Hall, the New Birmingham Lad—His Battle with Phil Sampson.

Hall, a strong hardy countryman, to the great surprise of the London and provincial amateurs, was matched against the slashing, scientific Sampson; and considerable curiosity was excited for the display of Phil's metropolitan learning. The Dead Men booked it as certain, and smpered over the punishment they predicted Sampson would administer to the novice with. It was Hall's first introduction to the Prize Ring; he had been well known in the neighborhood as the victor in a turn-up after Warwick races, and was the recent conqueror of a Black Diamond at Leamington Spa; and his character, as a glutton, was of no common order.

The fight, so important to the yokels, took place at Warwick, on Tuesday, July 30, 1822, on the Race Common, where a twenty-four foot ring was roped in immediately under the grand stand. A field over the Gogbridge had been whispered as the spot, but, for the accommodation of the amateurs, and for the convenience of making a levy, by filling the stand with half-crown tickets, (half of which were given between the pugilists,) the scene of action was changed. The calculators were not mistaken, for it was never more crowded on any former display of pugilism. The town had been previously fast filling for hours with a numerous arrival of amateurs, Leamington swells, yeomen, and extra coach and boat loads of Peeping Toms and Brummagers. A vast concourse of Raws assembled on the occasion, and, with true game, stood out a pitiless storm, that smoked like a steam-kitchen, as the tatters and velveteens cried, in the hot sun. Some aldermen and clerks attended in domino, and a swell officiated as umpire.

Sampson entered the ring first, and threw up his shallow amidst loud applause; and in a few minutes Hall followed, answering the token of defiance. Josh. Hudson and a countryman seconded Sampson; Aby Belasco and an antique Israelite performed that office for Hall. Hudson tied the blue colors of his man to the stakes, and Belasco placed the blue (bird's eye) of Hall upon them. The men set-to at half-past one. Sampson 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 the favorite.

Round 1. Cautious sparring for half a minute: Hall on his guard; Sampson made play; closed; Sampson fished Hall; a few blows; but in a trial of strength Sampson was thrown.

2. Sampson commenced this round with an apparent determination of mugging; some good counter hitting took place, when Hall fished Sampson.

3. Sampson again made play, but received some severe punishment; and was fished by a blow in the vitals; the office.

4. Both sparred cautiously; Sampson evidently weak and distressed, in a close, Hall dropped him clean by a blow below the jugular.

5. Sampson was evidently beaten; and immediately on closing was again sent down. 20 to 10 on Hall.

6. Sampson here commenced a series of intentional falls; sparring for the distance, and after a light hit he sid down.

7. Hall closed on Sampson, after being nobbed, and dropped out of the ropes.

8 to 11. These rounds all terminated in Sampson falling after placing ineffectual blows on Hall's left cheek and chest, who was not quick enough to return before Sampson had squatted like a Turk in a Divan. 8 to 1.

12. Some exchanges and counter-hitting took place, when Hall drove Sampson on the ropes, and on Sampson trying to toss Hall, he was fished by a blow on the head.

13. Hall received a blow in the wind which killed his complexion, and weakened him; in hugging, both down.

14 to 15. Sampson here appeared a little recovered; rallied and nobbed Hall, but was too weak to punish him, and always down.

16. Sampson again nobbed Hall away, who returned; bodied him severely; Sampson down.

17. Both sparred a minute, when Sampson planted some good flush hits, but without any force; in a good rally, Hall punished him in the body and dropped him.

18. In this round Hall fought with considerable science; went in, nobbed, and sent Sampson out of the ring by a flush hit on the tip of the nose, which drew the first cork.

19. Sampson again nobbed Hall, who went in and grabbed him by a blow on the jaw.

20 to 24. Hall waited for Sampson, who generally nobbed him, or hit him on the chest; Hall then closed, and Sampson found his way to the ground without any punishment. In several rounds Hall caught him to fib, but as Sampson was at prayers on his knees, he handsomely refrained, and threw up his arms. The umpire was often appealed to, as the conditions were "a fair stand-up fight," but no decision was made.

25. The combatants sparred for two minutes, when in a close Hall hit Sampson right and left a la Randall, and finished by a flourish. 4 to 1.

26 to 45. Nothing particular.

46. Sampson here attempted a rally, but was instantly fished by a hard bellier in the wind, and lay like a broken windmill. Joshua Hudson awoke him from a night-mare.

47. Sampson received an echoing blow in the short ribs and wind, and went down woefully distressed. 10 to 1. The poundage went round in vain, and a Cockney called out "all London to a brick!"

48 to 54. Sampson was certainly brought to time, but after planting feeble blows on Hall, (usually on the cheek or chest) tumbled down.

55. Sampson here hit Hall on the chest, and deliberately took his seat on the turf. Hall missed his hit, stood over him, and on going to his second, gave a point of disdain with his foot, which Sampson's friends manufactured into a kick. The umpire, however, took no notice.

56. This was one of the best rounds. Sampson judged his distance very scientifically; rallied, hit Hall flush on the tip of the nose, but went down with a dent in his ribs.

57. Hall rushed in with a flushing scheme, but Sampson fell in the concussion of the air. Hall missed his body, and shaved his beard against the stakes, but smiled at the scratch.

58 to 82. These intervening rounds were all of the same color, and more like tumbling at a wake than fighting. If Hall had gone down, he must have finished it.

83. Hall succeeded in assisting Sampson down with a punch, which reverberated like that of a copper at a cask.

84. Hall again refused to fib him on the ropes, which he might very fairly have done.

85. Sampson made a good hit on Hall's cheek, who closed and belied him. An alderman here cried out—"Warwick Castle to a small shell."

Josh. Hudson here gave it in, with Sampson's concurrence, as it was understood; but, on the expiration of two minutes, Sampson was on his legs, remonstrating and expressing his desire to continue it. The Jews, wishing to run no risk of the monish, brought their man again. In four minutes they again set-to; but, after fighting three more rounds, (Sampson down every time,) he could not come to the scratch.

REMARKS.—The Cockney multitude who went out to see a man get into a bottle, could not be more disappointed than the spectators of this Pantomimic fight. It was altogether a very odd and mixed up affair. Sampson was in no condition to beat a baby, having suffered much many days from the cholera morbus, and lost several pounds. Under these circumstances, he should have forfeited, and not sacrificed his friends; for, from the very first round, it was evident he did not think of winning; and he gave reason to believe that he was fully aware of this before he appeared on the ground; and yet, immediately on entering the ring, he betted somebody 2 to 1 on himself, in a particularly public manner! The little punishment given in an hour and thirty-nine minutes, was scarcely credible. Sampson had a small amethyst under his left eye, and few severe ribbers, but otherwise received little injury. Hall stopped well, and certainly fought in a very manly manner; indeed it was thought curious sometimes how he could help using the pepper-box. He did not, however, add to his reputation by this contest; for, with the advantage of weight and strength, he ought to have gone in, and finished it in half an hour. The soi-disant knowing ones were let in, and bought their gammon at a high price.

TO PROSPER IN ANY BUSINESS.—Advertise it.

## RULES OF CURLING.

1. The length of the Rink shall be forty-two yards; any deviation occasioned by peculiar circumstances to be by mutual agreement of parties; but, in no case, shall the length be less than thirty-two yards. When a game is begun, the Rink is not to be lengthened nor shortened, unless by consent of the majority of players.

It is advisable that Rinks have double Tees at each end, one at least two yards behind the other, the whole four to be as nearly as possible in the same line. The stones are to be delivered from the outer tee, and played towards the inner; this saves the ice from being injured around the tee played up to.

2. The Rink shall be changed in all cases when, from the springing of water, the majority of players cannot make up. Neither the winning nor losing party have right to object, as all contests must be decided on the fair and equitable principle of science, not of strength.

3. The number of shots in a game, if not otherwise mutually fixed upon, shall be twenty-one.

A game more frequently consists of thirteen shots, or even of seven, than of any other number, when an hour or two's practice only is intended; but this is a matter of private arrangement.

In a Bonspiel or Match, when a considerable number of players appears on each side, the aggregate number of shots gained in a fixed time is not only an equitable method, but affords amusement to all the Rink to the conclusion, and ought to be universally adopted.

4. The hog-score to be one-sixth part of the length of the Rink from the Tee. Every stone to be considered a Hog which does not clear a square placed upon the Score; but no stone shall be considered a Hog, if it has struck another which is over the Hog-score.

5. Every Rink to be composed of four players a side, each with two stones, unless otherwise mutually agreed upon. In no case shall the same individual or party play two stones in succession, and every player shall deliver both his stones alternately with an opponent, before any other of the same side or party play one.

6. Parties to draw cuts which shall fill the ice at the first end; after which the winning party of the last end or game of that day's play shall do so. No stone to be counted which does not lie within seven feet from the tee, unless it be previously otherwise mutually agreed upon. In cases where each party has a stone equally near the tee, neither to be counted, and the winning party of the previous end is again to fill the ice. Measurements to be taken from the centre of the tee, to that part of the stone which is nearest it.

7. Each player to place his feet in such a manner as that, in delivering his stone, he shall bring it over the tee. A player stepping aside to take a brittle (or wick), or other shot, shall forfeit his stone for that end. A player, after delivering his last stone, shall not remain longer than to see his next opponent fit his tee, but shall take his place at the other end between the Score and the previous player of his own party; and shall on no account remain to give directions to the next of his party who plays.

8. If any player shall improperly speak to or interrupt another while in the act of delivering his stone, one shot shall be added to the score of the party so interrupted.

9. The rotation of play adopted at the beginning must be observed through the whole game.

10. All Curling Stones shall be of a circular shape. No stone must be changed throughout the game, unless it happen to be broken, and then the largest fragment to count, without any necessity of playing with it more. If a stone rolls and stops upon its side or top, it shall not be counted, but be put off the ice. Should the handle quit the stone in the delivery, the player must keep hold of it, otherwise he will not be entitled to replay the shot.

11. If a player plays out of turn, the stone so played may be stopped in its progress and returned to the player. If the mistake shall not be discovered till the stone is again at rest, the opposite party shall have the option to add one to their score, and the game proceed in its original rotation, or to declare the end null and void.

12. In double-soled stones, the side commenced with shall not, under forfeit of the match, be changed during the progress of the game.

13. The sweeping department to be under the exclusive control of the Skipper. Unless with the previous consent of all the players, no sweeping to be allowed by any party till the stone has passed the Hog-score, except when now is falling or drifting, in which case it shall be admissible to sweep from tee to tee. The player's party may sweep when the stone has passed the further Hog score; his adversaries, when it has passed the tee. Sweeping to be done to one side. Previous to each direction being given, either party are entitled to sweep the Rink clean.

14. Parties, before beginning to play, to take different sides of the Rink, which they are to keep throughout the game; and no player on any pretence to cross or go upon the middle of the Rink. The Skippers alone to stand about the tee. Their respective parties, according to their rotation of play, shall take their position down to the Hog-score.

15. If in sweeping, or otherwise, a running stone be marred by any of the party to which it belongs, it shall be put off the ice. If by any of the adverse party, it shall be placed where the Skipper of the party to whom it belongs shall direct. If marred by any other means, the player shall take his shot again. Should a stone at rest be accidentally displaced at any part of the end before the case provided for in Rule 18 comes into operation, it shall be put as nearly as possible in its former position.

16. Every player to come provided with a besom, to be ready to play when his turn comes, and not to take more than a reasonable time to throw his stone. Should he accidentally play a wrong stone, any of the players may stop it while running; but if not stopped till it is again at rest, it shall be replaced by the one which he ought to have played.

17. No measuring of shots allowable previous to the termination of the end. Disputed shots to be determined by the Skippers; or, if they disagree, by some neutral person mutually chosen by them, whose decision shall be final.

18. Should any played stone be displaced, before the last stone is thrown and at rest, by any of the party who are lying the shot, they shall forfeit the end; if by any of the losing party who have the stone yet to play, they shall be prevented from playing that stone and have one point deducted from their score. The number of shots to be marked by the winners to be decided by the majority of the players, the offender not having a vote.

19. The Skippers shall have the exclusive regulation and direction of the game, and may play in what part of it they please; but having chosen their place at the beginning, they must retain it till the end of the game. The players may give their advice, but cannot control their director; nor are they upon any pretext to address themselves to the person about to play. Each Skipper, when his own play comes, shall name one of his party to take charge for him. Every player to obey implicitly the direction given him.

### MODE OF PLAYING.

1. Each competitor shall draw lots for the rotation of play, and keep that order throughout; he shall use two stones (unless the majority of players prefer one stone each), and play them the one immediately after the other; he shall not, during the competition, change the side of a stone, nor the stone itself, unless it happen to be broken.

2. The length of the Rink between the tees not to exceed 42, nor to be less than 32 yards, the intermediate distance to be determined by the umpire.

3. A circle, 8 feet in diameter, shall be drawn round the tee, and a central line or score between the tees, to the distance of 20 feet from the further tee.

4. Every competitor to play four shots at each of the eight following Points of the Game, viz.—Striking, In-wicking, Drawing, Guarding Chap and Lie, Wick and Curl in, Raising, and Chipping the Winner, according to the following definitions.

a. Striking. A stone placed on the tee to be struck out of the circle.

b. Inwicking. One stone is placed upon the tee and

another with its inner edge 2 feet distant from the tee, and its fore-edge on a line drawn from the tee at an angle of 45 degrees with the central line (in two of the chances to lie on the opposite side of the central line from what it is in the other two); the played stone to hit against the latter and perceptibly move the former.

c. Drawing. The stone played to lie within the circle.

d. Guarding. The stone played to rest, however little, on the central line.

e. Chap and Lie. A stone placed on the tee to be struck out of the circle, but the stone placed to lie within it.

f. Wick and Curl in. A stone is placed with its inner edge 7 feet distant from the tee, and its fore-edge on a line making an angle of 45 degrees with the central line (in two chances on the left, in the other two on the right hand), the stone played to hit on this stone, and rest within the circle.

g. Raising. A stone placed with its centre on the central line, and its inner edge 7 feet distant from the tee, to be struck into the circle.

h. Chipping the Winner. One stone is placed on the tee, and another with its inner edge 10 feet distant, just touching the central line, and half guarding the one on the tee; the stone played to pass the guard, and perceptibly move the other.

5. Each successful shot shall count one, whatever be the point played at. No stone shall be considered within or without the circle unless it clear it; and every stone held as resting on the central line which does not completely clear;—in every case ascertained by a square.

6. In the event of two or more competitors gaining the same aggregate number of shots, they shall play four shots at outwicking, where a stone placed with its inner edge 4 feet distant from the tee, and its centre on a line making an angle of 45 degrees with the central line, is to be so struck as to lie within the circle. If the competition cannot be decided by these shots, the Umpire may order two to be played at one or more of the preceding points.

### DANCING.

We will not attempt to trace the origin of dancing; it is beyond us, and must, we think, have been coeval with legs and toes.

There is no question but that dancing was used by the Jews in their religious rites; for we are informed that "David danced before the Lord with all his might, until his linen ephod came off." It passed from the religious ceremonies of the Jews to the Egyptians, and afterwards to the Greeks and Romans, with whom it was a principal part of the worship of their gods. It was afterwards adopted in many pagan nations; and Christians, ultimately, in Popish countries, celebrated certain festivals, particularly the Sacrament of the Passion of our Lord, with dancing. Socrates learned to dance at an advanced time of life; it is no wonder, therefore, that such honorable mention is made of dancing by his disciples, Plato and Xenophon. The people of Sparta and of Crete went to the attack dancing. On the other hand, Cicero reproaches Galbani, a consular man, with having danced. Tiberius expelled the dancers from Rome, and Domitian excluded from the senate several members for having danced; but the acts of these imperial despots may be considered rather as the suggestions of caprice and folly, than as the dictates of wisdom and virtue.

With our ancestors this diversion was the indispensable accompaniment of weddings. The monks used to dance in their dormitories. Swords, called dancing rapiers, were worn in the dancing schools; which schools, in Evelyn's time, existed in the universities. In the grand rebellion, a clergyman was charged with having taught, in the pulpit, that we ought to learn to dance, and that if we could not dance we were damned.

In the twelfth century, the London servants used to dance before their masters' doors.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, at a solemn dancing, were first introduced the grave measures, then the corrautes and galliards; at length to frenchmore and tennmore, and the cushion dance, after which all the company danced—lord, groom, lady, and kitchen-maid, without distinction.

In connection with this subject, Sir Richard Steele gives us a most amusing anecdote:—

"I was one morning awakened by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me that the gentleman of the next house begged me to step thither, for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad, and she desired my advice—as, indeed, everybody in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not like some artists, saucy, because I can be beneficial, and went immediately. Our neighbor told us she had the day before let her second floor to a very young gentleman, who told her he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evenings at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard. I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden jump so high into the air, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, putting it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaken it off. He used the left after the same manner, when on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim, my woman asked me what I thought; I whispered that I thought this person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers, who always studied when walking. But observing him to be out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say, with great civility and good mien, that he hoped he had not disturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make anything of it, and therefore asked in what language it was written. He said it was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration. I answered, that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself, for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee dishes and a clean pipe. He seemed concerned at that, and told me he was a dancing master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written down by one who taught at an academy in France. He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me that now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters, and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a dance by a letter. I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study."

The following very naive and entertaining description of the Spanish *Zigzag* and *Faldangas* occurs in the works of Giuseppe Baretti:—

"We were conducted into a large, dirty, and miserable-looking room, the sides of which opened into other rooms filled with people to overflowing. At the bottom and the top, a number of men, stretched upon their cloaks, slept,

or appeared to sleep. Whilst I stood in the midst of this horrible chamber, nearly expiring with fear, for, my head being filled with earthquakes, I fancied I felt the flooring shake under me, (fortunately it was only occasioned by the shaking of my own feet), some muleteers issued from one of the side apartments; one began thrumming upon a guitar, whilst another accompanied him with a Castilian canzoncina. The musicians had scarcely given notice of their talents for harmony, when suddenly from these side chambers, twenty or thirty persons, male and female, rushed forth, and in less than three minutes began to dance certain dances, called *Zigzag* and *Faldangas*, which delighted me above measure. Here, it would be necessary for me to be suddenly changed into a goose, and that all the feathers of the said goose should be pens, and that each pen should be able to write of itself, in order to describe all the merits of these dances, costumes, figures, countenances, gestures, words, and above all, the expressive glances, the gaiety, and the elasticity of both dancers and spectators. There were five or six Portuguese women, and four Spanish. The Portuguese were rather dirty, rather yellow, and sufficiently ugly. Of the four Spanish women, one was old, the mother of a young and well-formed brunette; the other two were sisters; the youngest, about fifteen or sixteen years old, would have been beautiful as the Venus de Medici had the said Venus been of flesh and blood, instead of marble. The elder was greatly inferior in beauty to the younger; but she had such a pair of eyes in her head—oh! what eyes! 'Tis a pity that the comparison between eyes and stars has already been used by a million of poets of all nations, and especially by the Arcadian shepherds, otherwise I should have reaped great honor by comparing these two beautiful eyes to two of the most beautiful stars in the firmament. The dresses of the Spanish women were very rich, the old one, as well as the younger, having their petticoats well trimmed, some with gold, some with silver. From what I can learn, they were from Badajoz, and, accompanied by some male relations, had come to see the fair; and the bella, bella, bella, was named Catalina.

"I have seen all sorts of dancing and dancers, from the Dalmatian to those of the north of England, but this that I have just written of surpassed all; no other dance affords one half the pleasure. The *trescon* of the Tuscans, the *furlana* of the Venetians, the *corrales* of the Monteferrini, and the minuet, or *l'andale*, of the French, are poor and insipid when compared with this. These dances animate the soul, and enliven even more than those of the ancient provincial mariners, which were danced to the sound of the pipe and tabor; they are danced by both Portuguese and Spaniards, sometimes to the sound of one or more guitars, sometimes to a guitar, united to the voices of both men and women. The person scarcely appears to move when dancing, especially the women, so incessant and yet so imperceptible is the movement; at the same time they snap their fingers so exactly in time, and the women beat the heel so quickly and so loud, that it is wonderful to see them, and I, who did so for the first time, was in ecstasies. I (who for four nights had scarcely closed my eyes, and from the fatigue of the journey, made partly on foot, was dying with weariness, and had resolved to throw myself upon the first litter of straw that might come in my way, without even waiting for supper) was so ravished with this spectacle, so new, so beautiful, and so sudden, that I forgot sleep, supper, and everything else appertaining to this troublesome world. This fete was still more piquante by seeing the ruffian-looking crew, so lately stretched upon their cloaks, apparently asleep, all at once start up, and, without ceremony, or shame at their stockings full of doors and windows, begin to dance—now with the ugly and dirty Portuguese, now with the beautiful and well-dressed Spaniards, without either party showing the least sign of offence, as would have happened in many other countries, where the ill-dressed assort with the ill-dressed, and the richly-attired with the richly-attired.

"In a corner of the room stood a table, and there, without ceremony or shame, as such seemed the fashion, I desired supper to be laid, and began to partake of it, always, however, keeping my eyes fixed more upon the dancers than upon my plate. When we had nearly finished, Battista set before us a sort of tart made of sweetmeats in the English fashion, by the hostess of the hotel where we had resided in Lisbon. This tart I cut into small slices, and having placed them in a very elegant pyramidal form, I presented them to the lady dancers, making them at the same time a fine compliment in the Castilian language, which had taken me a full quarter of an hour to compose. Both Spaniards and Portuguese frankly accepted my courtesy, each making a pretty little inclination of the head, accompanied with some gracious and pleasing expressions.

"Having distributed my tart, I ordered wine, and invited all the male dancers to drink to the health of the ladies; the virtue contained in these copious draughts doubled the joy of the fete; and these fellows, who had never even noticed *las extranjeras*, began to throw off their grave deportment, and paid me compliments without end, to which I replied with a sweetness so well tempered with gravity, that I must have appeared an Alcide de Burcos or Valladolid. To the ladies, after the tart, I presented glasses of pure water, for had I offered them wine I should have lost all the credit of my former politeness, as you cannot in this country give greater offence to the female sex than to present them wine.

"After this, the sister of Catalina, who was, in fact, the best dancer of the whole, and who seemed willing to repay me for my politeness, danced a *pas seul*, in which she made so many beautiful little steps, so many beautiful little gestures, with such graceful movements of the head, shoulders, and limbs, that I began to fear for my heart, particularly when she fixed those eyes of hers upon me. When she had finished—though contrary to the Spanish gravity—I gave her such a shower of applause by clapping my hands, and was so well seconded by my friend and Battista, that the remainder of the company broke through their rule, and gave her the deserved reward due to her merit. Then we had more dances, *sola soletta*, then songs, then dances, and in fine, it was past three o'clock before the fete was finished, when every one threw themselves upon the ground in their given places. Yes, reader! all upon the ground, even the beautiful Catalina, and her dazzling sister, with their garments trimmed with gold and silver, their ribbons, and trimmings, and head gear. Not one of the crowd had a better bed than myself, my friend, or the dogs, or the cats, or the mules or asses of Elvas."

**CRIB-BITING HORSES.**—A "crib-biter" is always known by the worn aspect of the incisors, and this is not from a fair way of biting, but rather pressing or rubbing the edge of the teeth either of the upper or lower jaw, or both, against any hard object, especially the manger, as the most convenient spot. In the act of cribbing, a horse fixes his head, curves his neck, and appears to cruminate, or to swallow air. Whatever may be the nature of the act, there is soon evidence of a dyspeptic state, as the abdomen swells, and the horse may seriously injure himself by persistence in indulging in this bad habit. In some cases the evils attending the vice are not so great, but at all times a crib-biter must be looked upon very suspiciously. In the course of time the gut becomes thin and distended in crib-biters, and from the irregularity in the width of the passage, choking is sometimes favored. The only cure for a crib-biter is to do away with the manger, or any object against which the horse can crib. By placing straps round the throat, and thus pressing on the windpipe, the animal is stopped from the bad practice, but this is attended with the danger of producing distortion and constriction of the air-passage, rendering the animal an incurable roarer.

FANNY FEEN says she loves a sober serious man. Like all other light bodies, then, she is attracted by the force of gravity.



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## INDIAN JUGGLERS.

In these days of "prestidigitization," anything in reference thereto is not without interest. It would appear, however, notwithstanding the skill of a Herrmann, or an Anderson, or the numberless others who come the "presto, quick, change!" that we have not witnessed all the wonders of the art, and that there is something yet left for the American and European professors of magic to learn, as is made apparent by the appended account of a magical soiree in India, by an eye-witness, who says:—

"A party of jugglers being introduced, the usual preliminaries took place, such as swallowing swords, eating fire, and a few other tricks common to every exhibitor at the provincial fairs in our own country; after which one of the men, taking a large earthen vessel with a capacious mouth, filled it with water and turned it upside down, when all the water flowed out; but the moment it was placed with the mouth upwards it always became full. He then emptied it, allowing any one to inspect it who chose. This being done, he desired that one of the party would fill it; his request was obeyed; still, when he reversed the jar, not a drop of water flowed, and upon turning it, to our astonishment, it was empty. These and similar deceptions were several times repeated; and so skillfully were they managed, that, although any of us who chose were allowed to upset the vessel when full, which I did many times, upon reversing it there was no water to be seen, and yet no appearance of any having escaped. I examined the jar carefully when empty, but detected nothing which could lead to a discovery of the mystery. I was allowed to retain and fill it myself; still, upon taking it up, all was void within; yet the ground around it was perfectly dry, so that how the water had disappeared and where it had been conveyed, were problems which none of us were able to expound. The vessel employed by the juggler upon this occasion was the common earthen ware of the country, very roughly made; and in order to convince us that it had not been especially constructed for the purpose of aiding his clever deceptions, he permitted it to be broken in our presence; the fragments were then handed round for the inspection of his Highness and the party present with him. The next thing done was still more extraordinary. A large basket was produced, under which was put a lean, hungry, Pariah dog; after the lapse of about a minute the basket was removed, and she again appeared with a litter of seven puppies. These were again covered, and upon raising the magic basket a goat was presented to our view; this was succeeded by a pig in the full vigor of existence, but which, after being covered for the usual time, appeared with its throat cut; it was, however, shortly restored to life under the shade of the wicker covering. What rendered these sudden changes so extraordinary was, that no one stood near the basket but the juggler, who raised and covered the animals with it. When he concluded, there was nothing to be seen under it; and what became of the different animals which had figured in this singular deception was a question that puzzled us all. A man now took a small bag full of brass balls, which he threw one by one into the air, to the number of thirty-five. None of them appeared to return. When he had discharged the last, there was a pause of full a minute; he then made a variety of motions with his hands, at the same time grunting forth a kind of barbarous chant; in a few seconds the balls were seen to fall, one by one, until the whole of them were replaced in the bag; this was repeated at least half a dozen times. No one was allowed to come near him while this interesting jugglery was performed. A gaunt-looking Hindoo next stepped forward, and declared he would swallow a snake. Opening a box, he produced a Cobra de Capello, not less than five feet long, and as thick as an infant's wrist. He stood, however, at some distance from us, and, like his predecessor, would not allow any person to approach him, so that deception became no longer equivocal. He then, as it appeared to us, took the snake, and putting the tail into his mouth, gradually lowered it into his stomach, until nothing but the head appeared to project from between his lips, when, with a sudden gulp, he seemed to complete the disgusting process of deglutition, and to secure the odious reptile within his body. After the expiration of a few seconds he opened his mouth and gradually drew forth the snake, which he replaced in the box, making a salaam to the Rajah. This was by no means a pleasant sight, but his Highness laughed heartily, and threw the performer a handful of rupees; thus clearly showing that his pleasure was no counterfeit, like the juggler's trick.

The next thing that engaged our attention was a feat of dexterity altogether astonishing. A middle-aged woman, of by no means prepossessing appearance, presented herself to our notice, and taking a bamboo twenty feet high, placed it upright upon a flat stone, and then, without any support, climbed to the top of it with surprising activity. Round her waist she had a girdle to which was fastened an iron socket; springing from her upright position on the bamboo, she threw herself forward with such exact precision, that the top of the pole entered the socket of her iron zone, and in this position, she spun herself round with a velocity that made me giddy to look at; the bamboo appearing all the while as if it were supported by some supernatural agency. Having performed several other feats equally extraordinary, she slid down the elastic shaft, and raising it in the air, balanced it upon her chin, then upon her nose, and finally projected it to a distance from her, without the application of her hands.

The next performer spread upon the ground a cloth about the size of a sheet; after a while it seemed to be gradually raised; upon taking it up there appeared three pine apples growing under it, which were cut and presented to the spectators. This is considered a common jugglery, and yet it is perfectly inexplicable. Many other extraordinary things were done which have escaped my memory; but the concluding feat was too remarkable to be easily forgotten.

A tall, athletic fellow advanced, and making his salaam to the gallery, threw himself upon the ground. After performing several strange antics he placed his head downwards, with his heels in the air, raised his arms and crossed the *mover* upon his breast, balancing himself all the while on his head. A cup containing sixteen brass balls was now put into his hands; these he took and severally threw into the air, keeping the whole sixteen in constant motion, crossing them and causing them to describe all kinds of figures, and not allowing one of them to reach the ground.

When he had thus shown his dexterity for a few minutes, a slight man approached, climbed up his body with singular agility, and stood upright upon the inverted feet of the performer, who was still upon his head. A second cup containing sixteen balls was handed to the smaller man, who commenced throwing them until the whole were in the air. Thirty-two balls were now in motion, and the rays of the sun falling upon their polished surfaces, the jugglers appeared in a shower of gold. The effect was singular, and the dexterity displayed by these men quite amazing. They were as steady as if they had been fixed in stone, and no motion, save that of their arms and heads, was visible. At length the upper man, having caught all his balls and replaced them in his cup, sprang upon the ground, and his companion was almost as quickly upon his feet.

After a short pause, the man who had before exhibited himself with his body reversed, planted his feet close together, and standing upright like a column, the smaller juggler climbed his body as before, and placing the crown of his own head on that of his companion, raised his legs into the air, thus exactly reversing the late position of the two performers. At first they held each other's hands until liberation was complete, when they let go, the upper man waving his arms in all directions to show the steadiness of his equilibrium. The legs were kept apart, sometimes one being bent while the other remained erect; but the body did not seem to waver for a single instant. After they had been in this position for about a minute, the balls were again put into their hands, and

the whole thirty-two kept in motion in the air as before. It was remarkable that, during the entire time they were thrown, neither of them once came in contact—a proof of the marvellous skill displayed. It is certain that the manual dexterity of these men is not exceeded, if approached, by the jugglers of any other country in the world. When they had done with the balls, the upper man took a number of small cylindrical pieces of steel two inches long; several of these he placed upon his nose, producing a slender rod full a foot in length, which, in spite of his difficult position, he balanced so steadily that not one of the pieces fell. He then crossed the taper column with a flat bar of copper, half an inch wide, and four inches long; upon this he fixed one of his little cylinders, and on the top of that a slight spear; the whole of which he balanced with perfect steadiness, finally taking off a separate piece and throwing it upon the ground. Thus concluded this extraordinary performance. Grasping hands as before, the little man sprang upon his feet, and he made his obsequial to the gallery.

## OUT-DOOR PASTIMES

## RUNNING.

"RUNNING," says our gymnasiarch, "only differs from walking by the rapidity of the movement." This is quite incorrect. Running is precisely intermediate to walking and leaping, and, in order to pass into it from walking, the motion must be changed. A series of leaps from each foot alternately, must be performed in order to constitute it; the foot which is left behind quits the ground before the foot in advance is firmly fixed, so that the centre of gravity remains uncertain in passing from one leg to the other, which forms a series of leaps, and renders a fall a common occurrence.

## POSITION IN RUNNING.

The upper part of the body is slightly inclined forward; the head slightly thrown backward, to counteract the gravity forward; the breast is freely projected; the shoulders are steady, to give a fixed point to the auxiliary muscles of respiration; the upper parts of the body are kept near the sides; the elbows are bent, and each forms an acute angle; the hands are shut, with the nails turned inward; and the whole arms move but slightly, in order that the muscles of respiration on the chest may be as little as possible disturbed, and follow only the impulse communicated by other parts. There exists, in fact, during the whole time of running, a strong and permanent contraction of the muscles of the shoulder and arm, which, though very violent, is less serviceable to the extended movements than to keep the chest immovable, toward which the arms are brought close, the flexors and adductors of which are especially contracted.

## ACTION IN RUNNING.

At every step, the knees are stretched out; the legs kept as straight as possible; the feet almost graze the ground; the tread is neither with the mere balls of the toes, nor with the whole sole of the foot; and the spring is made rapidly from one foot to the other; so that they pass each other with great velocity.

But the abdominal members are the only ones in motion, although it is in them that the greatest development takes place. Throughout the whole time of running, a strong and permanent contraction of the muscles of the shoulder, arm, and forearm takes place; this, though very violent, is less for the purpose of aiding motion than of preserving the immobility of the thorax, which is pressed upon the whole thoracic member, whose flexors and adductors are strongly contracted. The degree of velocity, however, must be proportioned to the length of the steps. Too slow and long, as well as too quick and short steps, may be equally injurious.

## RESPIRATION.

Speed, and still more duration in running, are in proportion to the development of the lungs, and consequently the volume of oxygen and blood which they can combine in their parenchyma at each respiratory movement. Thus, of two men, one having the abdominal members developed, and the other possessing good lungs, the former will run with the greatest speed for a short distance, but if the distance be considerable, he will soon be gained upon by the latter. A runner, after performing a certain pace, is seized with a difficulty of breathing, long before the repetition of the contractions has produced fatigue in the abdominal members. To excel, therefore, in running, requires, like walking and dancing, a peculiar exercise. As the muscular contractions depend, for their principle of excitement, on the respiration, the chest should be firmly fixed, so as both to facilitate this, and to serve as a point of support for the efforts of the lower members. The best runners are those who have the best wind, and keep the breast dilated for the longest time.

During the whole time of running, long inspirations and slow expirations are of the greatest importance; and young persons cannot be too early accustomed to them. To facilitate respiration towards the end of the race, the upper part of the body may be leant a little forward. Running should cease as soon as the breath becomes very short, and a strong perspiration takes place.

## MODERATE RUNNING.

This is performed gently and in equal time, and may be extended to considerable space. In practicing this pace, it is necessary to fix the distance to be run; and this should always be proportioned to the age and strength of the runners. This exercise, more than all others, requires to be proceeded with in a progressive manner. If, at the first trial, you run too fast or too long a time, it may produce spitting of blood and headache, or aneurisms of the heart and principal vessels, especially if the weather be dry and cold.

A moderately cool day may accordingly be chosen, a distance of three hundred feet measured, and the runners placed in a line at one end. They may then start, trot at the rate of about seven feet in a second to the opposite end, turn, and continue until they reach the spot whence they started. Frequent repetition of this is sufficient at first. Afterwards, they may run over this space, two, three, or four times without stopping; and the exercise may then be limited to this. It may, on subsequent days, be extended to five, six, and seven times the distance.

Fatigue is then generally quite removed; and the run may either be continued farther, or the runners, if neither heated nor winded, may accelerate their pace. They may next attempt a mile in ten minutes; and repeat this, till, being gradually less and less heated, they can either extend the distance, or diminish the time, in any measured proportion. At this pace, six miles may afterwards be run in an hour.

## RAPID RUNNING.

This is best applied to a short space in a little time. Three hundred feet upon an open plain will not generally be found too great. At each end of this a cross line may be drawn, and the runners may arrange themselves on one line, while the umpire is placed at the other. On the latter giving the signal, the running commences, and he who first passes him gains the race. It is extremely useful always to run beyond the line at a gentler pace, as it gradually lowers the actions of the respiratory and circulating systems.

Running is more easy on a level surface, but should be practiced on ground of every variety; upon long, square, and circular plots of ground. The pupils should be accustomed to turn promptly out of the direct line—a faculty not possessed by animals, and exceedingly useful when pursued. They should also run up hill, and particularly down, as it is dangerous unless frequently practiced.

ALPHONSE KARR, hearing one day an infantile musical prodigy, about which every body was in raptures, said coldly to a friend at his elbow:—

"Well, I don't like him so well as last night."

"Why?" quoth his friend, "he has played better to-day than yesterday."

"It is most true," answered the eccentric critic; "but then he is twenty-four hours older."

## EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

I had just arrived at Khandalla, and I met there an old school fellow, who was going out to shoot pigs, and he asked me to come with him. He lent me a single-barrelled rifle, and we went out about a mile and a half from camp, to a place which was notorious for pig—it was a deep ravine with a very high mountain on one side and a low one on the other, and filled up with dense jungle. My companion placed himself about the middle of the ravine, and I took up my position near to the end, where the ravine narrowed. We had below about forty beaters or coolies, who began at the open end and beat up towards me. They had passed Heyland without anything being seen, but as they neared the spot where I was stationed, I heard a rushing and breaking amongst the bushes, and naturally expected to see some pigs come out, so I cocked my rifle and brought it up to my shoulder all ready, when, to my utter amazement, out bounded a tiger; I then did what I have since been told was a very foolish thing—I fired at him with a single-barrelled rifle. Luckily the shot struck him through both his forelegs; had I hit him anywhere else he would have charged, and I should have had no chance of escape; as it was, however, he rushed on as well as he could into the small part of the jungle beyond me, and we got him to show himself by making the beaters roll down large stones at him; but he always disappeared before we had time to fire. At last, I watched the exact spot where he went after one of these short appearances, and making a lucky shot, sent a ball through his stomach. Upon this he got up, and with a frightful roar, that made my flesh creep, he rushed back to his old haunt, receiving two or three balls in his body as he bounded through the open space between the two jungles. It appeared, however, that he was in no hurry to give up the ghost, for he got back all right to his original lair. We now found, upon calling for more ammunition, that the natives who were carrying it had, through excess of fear, thrown away every bullet we had. We had now no alternative but to ride home for fresh supplies, which we did, after giving the culprits a well deserved thrashing; and we took advantage of the opportunity of making a late breakfast; having done which, we again started for the scene of action—this time each carrying two rifles and a hunting-knife. Screwing up our pluck, we entered the thick of the jungle on foot, and tracked him by his blood. At length a native pointed him out to Heyland, who fired at and wounded him; the tiger came after us with a terrific roar; and considering discretion the better part of valor, we hastily mounted a tree; this operation was repeated three times, and at last we found him lying on his side apparently dead. We went up within five yards of him to have a look at him, Heyland firing both barrels at him about fifteen yards previously to make certain of him; but I suppose in his excitement he missed him, as the tiger never moved. When we were about five yards from him, I proposed to give him a shot and make doubly sure; but Heyland said, "No, no! you will spoil the skin," and laid hold of my rifle, which I, like a fool, let go, thinking the brute must be dead; but as we were taking another step forward, he rose with an awful roar, and sprang after me. Heyland ran down-hill, and got off all right; but I ran up-hill as hard as I could, and the tiger after me. I had just got up to some coolies who followed us in our advance, and were now running away as fast as they could, and I heard the beast breathing at my back. What an awful moment was that! I never expected to get out of the scrape alive, so I drew my knife and turned round in desperation to make a useless effort to save myself, when the tiger, changing his mind, leaped upon the back of a native who was running alongside of me and mauled him most frightfully; but it was his dying effort, and the coolie got off with a mauling that would have killed any European, but did not kill him. The tiger was a fine female, nine feet long. On my next tiger hunt I shall be a little more cautious about going up to one before I am quite certain of its being dead.

GRIT AND MANNERS.—Recently the "Crabtown Dorcas Sewing Society" held their annual meeting, and on motion it was voted "That our Parson wait on Tony Jones, and see if nothing can be done to improve the manners of young Tony."

The next day the Parson called upon Tony, Sr., and informed him respecting the object of his visit, to which he replied:

"Parson, I'd let Tony go to meetin' every Sunday, if I only know'd 'yous' goin' to preach. But, Parson, there ain't a boy in the village of Crabtown what's got more manners than my Tony, and I can convince you of that in just a minit. You see Tony out there skinnin' them niggers?"

The Parson nodded assent.

"Now, see, I'll call him." And raising his voice to the highest pitch, he shouted:

"T-o-o-n-y!"

The response was quick and equally loud—

"Sir?"

"Do you hear that, Parson?" said the old man. "Don't you call that manners?"

"That is all very well," replied the Parson, "so far as it goes—"

"What do you mean by 'far as it goes'?" That boy, sir, always speaks respectfully to me when I call him." Then raising his voice he again called—

"T-o-o-n-y!"

The response, "Sir!" was equally loud and prompt.

Again the old man called—

"T-o-o-n-y!"

The boy dropped a half-dressed fish, and shaking his fist at his sire, yelled out:

"Ye miserable, black, old drunken snob, I'll come in there in just two minits, an' maul ye like blazes!"

The Parson was astounded. The old man was disconcerted for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, he tapped the Parson on the shoulder, saying:

"You see, parson, my boy has got *grit* as well as manners. This chap will make an ornament to your society one of them days."

The Parson shook his head and mizzled.

HABIT.—A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition was so unfortunate as to have a wife of a very different character; in short, one that would get heavily drunk. Being in company with a few intimates, one evening, one of them remarked to him, that if she was his wife—since other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way, so that she would quit her evil habit, and proposed the following method: That some time when dead drunk, she would be laid in a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situation until her fit should be over, and consciousness restored.

A few evenings after, the dame being in a proper state, the plan was put into execution; and after the box lid was properly secured, the party before alluded to watched, each in turn, to witness the result. About daylight next morning the watch heard a movement, laid himself down by the box, when her ladyship, after bumping her head a few times, was heard to say:—

"Bless me! where am I?"

The outsider replied in a sepulchral tone:—

"Madam, you are dead, and in the other world."

A pause ensued, after which the lady again inquired:—

"Where are you?"

"Oh! I am dead, too," said he.

"Can you tell me how long I've been dead?"

"About three weeks."

"How long have you been dead?"

"Four months."

"Well, you have been here so much longer than I have, can't you tell me where I can get a little gin?"

PRENTICE defines what man wants—all he can get. What woman wants—all she can't get.

A FAIR FIGHT.—A volunteer of Col. Guthrie's regiment, stationed in Western Virginia, while out upon a little excursion upon his own hook one day recently, was made a prisoner by a party of mounted secessers, it is said, and marched to their encampment, where he was the special object of contemplation of a big hirsute individual, who concluded his investigation with the remark that he was "a thief, an abolitionist, and a coward," to which he added, "and curse you, I can whip you." This was rather too strong a dose for the Union soldier's stomach, who, prisoner as he was, looked at the other with a defiant air, gave him the lie, and expressed a conviction that, if allowed a fair fight, he would convince the other of his mistake. The challenge was accepted, and they went at it, in a real pugilistic style, when, after several rounds, science, which was on the side of our man, told, and his antagonist, too, after having a tooth knocked out, knocked under, and shaking hands, acknowledged that he was wrong in the last proposition, and moreover, that he didn't believe that a man who fought so well, was either a thief or an abolitionist. He went much further, and used his influence so effectively with the rebel commander, that the bully boy was allowed to go, upon signing a document not again to take up arms against the South. The individual whom he had whipped, furnished him with a coat and pair of pants in lieu of his own, which were somewhat dilapidated, and then escorted him part of the way toward the Kanawha, from whence he made his way to the Federal lines.

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To hear the passion of her husband's friend,  
She might have led a very virtuous life—  
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